

SPORTS



ILLUSTRATED

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25 CENTS



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Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the *light-hearted ale*! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



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Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



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The loyalty of a young Korean boy to his dog in the midst of war and famine. From a forthcoming book by JONG YONG PAK and JOCK CARROLL

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Willie Mosconi may be the best pool player who ever lived, but even a genius has problems. A portrait in words by ROBERT COUGHLIN with a photograph IN COLOR by ARTHUR SHAY

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The raccoon is regarded by most as an inoffensive creature, but to SI's JOHN O'REILLY he has brought nothing but trouble. Our man has been robbed, tricked and kept awake by the woods' most mischievous prowler

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Free sights are as attractive as lady divers in mid-air; and few sports are more exciting. LEE GRIGGS describes what Pat McCormick and other top divers must go through to become champions

59 **ON TO AUSTRALIA!**

As the Pan-American Games wound up a fortnight of hectic hemisphere competition in Mexico City, DAVID RICHARDSON ended a resume of the events and how they bear on next year's Olympics

**COVER:** Ben Hogan

Photograph by MALCOLM L. WINTER

Driving off the eighth tee of the beautiful Augusta National Golf Course in his losing play-off battle with Sam Snead for the 1954 Masters title, Ben Hogan exhibits the form that will make him a top favorite for the coveted crown again this year. Hogan has won the Masters twice, was runner-up three times, and his 1953 total of 274 is the lowest ever recorded. For a preview of this year's big tournament, turn to page 19.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

On the eve of the baseball season RED SMITH surveys the circuit, from the World Champion New York Giants to the still-away but someday-maybe Pittsburgh Pirates. Plus reports by ROBERT CREAMER on the individual teams and players and two pages of bubble gum portraits IN COLOR.

PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING IN COLOR

For nearly a year people have been asking SI's editors: "What are you going to do about wrestling?" Here is the answer—eight pages of heroes and villains photographed IN COLOR and in action by MARK KAUFFMAN, plus an informative report on this bloodcurdling but highly moral drama.

ALSO: AN ODE TO FLIGHT BY BILL MAULDIN AND AN ODE TO SPRING BY EDMUND WARE SMITH

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Louise Spurrer**, 10th-Kangaroo, set U.S. 1000-yard record of 1:50.14 in 1980 Olympic trials, split half-mile 1:47.74 at Berkeley, Calif., during worldmark of 1:58.64 held jointly by Mal Whitfield and Gummer Nilsen.
● **Ohio State's Yoshi Oyakawa**, Al Wiggins and Ed Kawachika thrashed 10:42.24 clocking in 1000-yard middle relay, established

10:41.28, set middle relay, 1000-yard swimming standards in NCAA championship at Oxford, Ct. ● **Jack Wardrop**, Michigan, set 1000-yard championship record of 2:01.14 for 230-lb., 20-year-old. ● **Mal Whitfield**, 4 at Colorado, 10, set record time of 1:58.64. ● **Wiggins**, first U.S. 1000-yard swimmer, finished 1:56.75, won 1:50-yard individual middle, both bettering meet record.

BOXING

Willie Pastrano, up-and-coming 109-lb. New Orleans middleweight, sent out for durable Al Andrews of Superior, Wis., to come to him, then southward, outpunched and outmaneuvered limping veteran in 10-10 rounder in Chicago.

Bob Baker, third-ranked heavyweight, cuttishly pursued Julio Alvarez of Cuba for 10 rounds, convinced himself with unanimous decision in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Maryland announced it would abandon boxing after NCAA announcement March 31 at Pittsburgh, Pa., joined Army and Penn State among schools dropping the sport.

BASKETBALL

Syracuse Nationals and **Fl. Wayne Pistons** moved into final of National Basketball Association championship playoffs. In semifinals, **Syracuse**, Eastern Division leader, whipped **Boston Celtics** 110-106, 116-110 in first two games, lost 100-97 in overtime, came back to eliminate third-place **Utah** 110-94 on fine shooting of **Dolph Schayes**, Fl. Wayne, top team in Western Division, had rough time with second-place **Minneapolis Lakers**, winning 96-79, 98-97 in extra period, then losing 99-97 in overtime before taking clincher 103-96.

Jersey City OYO opens set tournament scoring record with 84-27 slambing of Daytona Beach, Fla., went on to crush New Orleans 78-49 in final, won second-straight National Biddy Tournament crown at Huntington, W. Va.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens, minus suspended Maurice "Rocket" Richard, overcame Gaudin Jacques Plante and Charlie Hodge in nets, beat Boston Bruins 2-0, 1-1 at Montreal, dropped third-place 4-2 at Boston in Stanley Cup semifinals.

Detroit Red Wings, who took National Hockey League title with whirlwind hit, swept first three games with third-place Toronto Maple Leafs 7-4, 2-1, 2-1, needed another win to close final.

TRACK AND FIELD

Harrison Dillard, 31, set 600-yard speedster, skinned over rivals in 1:02.1 in 500-yard high hurdles, new U.S. world indoor mark in Chicago Du Sable V.C. 30-31.

Mal Whitfield in first race, won U.S. American 400-yard, took 1:00.64 and 400 in July 1-12, Horace Ashenfelter stormed 7000 behind, beat Fred Walt in 9:01.2 seconds. Don Lee scored 15 feet for first time this year, tied Bob Richards as pole vaulter. Vic Fritts of Philadelphia's Shamokin C.C. cleared

6 feet 7 1/2 inches, edged Norel Dume's Bernard Allard by half-inch in high jump.

Arnold Sewell, 30, 1.4 m. American champion, breezed home in 1,000-yard run in 2:11 in Cleveland's Kodak Games. Other notable winners: **Joe Caffrey** of Shamokin C.C. topped 400-yard run in 1:12.9. **Richards** won pole vault at 15 feet, **Fritts** won 8 feet 8 inches in low high jump. **Syracuse's** crack two-mile relay team won in 7:47.3 for new meet record.

FOOTBALL

NCAA announced long-awaited football TV plan, confirmed SI's report of Feb. 28 that night "Games-of-the-Week" on national hookup and live sets of regional telecasts would be beamed to live-in fans next fall.

SKIING

European stars dominated Harriman Cup competition at Sun Valley, Ida. **Martin Strutz**, Austrian ski-boot maker, zipped down last two-mile Baldy Mountain course in 2:01.2, won downhill race for men. **Madeleine Berthod**, Swiss farm girl, was timed in 2:12.2, took women's event, placed second to Austria's **Thea Harbichler** in slalom, captured combined title. **Martin Julien** of Switzerland, injured in downhill, defied doctor's orders, won men's slalom in total time of 2:08.8. **Canadian** skier's crown went to **Andrei Molitser** of Austria, who was second in slalom, third in downhill.

BADMINTON

Margaret Verner of 31 Paso, Tex., took measure of Judy Devlin of Baltimore 9-12, 11-5, 11-1, won All-England women's singles in London. Men's title went to **Wong Peng Soon**, who beat favored Eddie Choong 15-7, 14-17, 15-10 in All-Malayan final.

SWIMMING

Ohio State's Fred Konno powered to wins in 410-yard and 1,500-meter freestyle while Hawaiian high jumper **Yoshi Oyakawa** topped field in 100s and 200s and went to lead hurdles to finish fifth in NCAA meet in Oxford, Ct. Other Ohio State individual winners: Al Wiggins in 100 and individual middle; **Fletcher Gliders** in low board diving.

GOLF

Erle Monit, 36-year-old Los Angeles pro who spent most of his time working men's stars at Hillcrest Country Club, outplayed 30 other wild, strong challenges by **Donnie Knicker**, finished with last round 58 of 270 total, edged San Francisco's **Bob Rushby** by two strokes, Sam Snead and Shirley May held who set course record

with 64 in second round in three at Miami Beach Open.

Mike Sauchuk, hard-hitting Durango, N.C., par-hunter, fired 139 for 15 holes, beat out Australia's Peter Thomson in single stroke for pin honors, chalked up identical best ball scores of 125 in parings with amateurs **Ray W. Heffernan** of Worcester, Mass., and **Alfred G. Kay** of Chesler, N.J., scored three-way victory in Somerset Pro-Amateur at Palm Beach, Fla.

WRESTLING

Oklahoma A&M's Myron Raderick and **Fred Davis** won 130-pound and 167-pound titles respectively as Aggies piled up 49 points, retained NCAA championship at Ithaca, N.Y. **Lehigh's Ed Eubank** scored four pins in five matches, topped 147-pound honors, was voted outstanding wrestler award.

HANDBALL

Jimmy Jarola, 24-year-old Los Angeles linemen-machine salesman, won tight first game 21-20, called on devastating kill shot to take second 21-7, up-set weary defending champion Vic Hershkowitz and captured national four-wall handball championship at Los Angeles.

FENCING

Columbia outshined large field, scored 62 points, edged Cornell by five, Navy by seven, took team championship in NCAA tournament at East Lansing, Mich. **Loni** agile **Harry Parlier** beat Walter Farber of Penn in fence-off, won individual saber title. **Herman Velasco** of Illinois was top in foil; **Danish Tadrunski** of Notre Dame led in epee.

GYMNASTICS

Illinois' graceful gymnasts failed to win single first place but scored 82 1/2 points, defeated Penn State in NCAA meet at Los Angeles. **Karl Schwesefelder** of Penn State won all-around title.

MILEPOSTS

November Carl Robo Olson, hard-core up middleweight boxing talent named San Francisco's outstanding sportsman of 1951 by Ford Junior Chamber of Commerce.

November **Charles Charles Evans**, long-time golfing star, national open and amateur champion in 1926, given Senior Golfer of the Year award for "sportsmanship" 20 years in midship, military, and advancing into "gold" by American Senior Golfers' Association, at St. Augustine, Fla.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

PAN-AMERICAN WINNERS

RESULTS OF GRAPEVINE-CIRCUIT GAMES

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Best. W-13, 1-5 P.H. 601	P.H. 5-4	D.L. 4-5	Ch.(A) 2-1	K.City 4-3
2. M.Y. W-9, 1-5 P.H. 600	B.H. 14-5-3-1	W.H. 9-4	D.L. 7-8, 0-0	
3. W.H. W-7, 1-5 P.H. 583	B.H. 4-3	N.Y.(A) 4-0	D.L. 3-2	
4. C.H. W-7, 1-10 P.H. 412	N.Y.(H) 2-2, 3-4	C.H. 2-1	2 Free 2-1, 14-0	
5. D.H. W-6, 1-5 P.H. 430	B.H. 4-0	C.H. 3-1	Ch.(A) 5-34	W.H. 2-3
6. Ch. W-6, 1-5 P.H. 430	M.Y. 3-5	D.L. 6-7	D.L. 14-9	B.H. 1-2 4-3
7. B.H. W-5, 1-5 P.H. 389	D.H. 4-3	C.H. 4-3	P.H. 4-3, 10-9	
8. N.Y. W-6, 1-11 P.H. 353	D.H. 3-0, 4-3, 0-5	B.H. 2-3, 5-10	P.H. 3-4	W.H. 1-4

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Phila. St. L. W.H. C.H.			
W-1, 5-4	2-2, 3-4	3-1	12-1
P.H. 601			
2. N.Y. C.H. Ch.(A)			
W-1, 5-4	2-2, 3-4	4-3, 2-7, 3-4	8-4
P.H. 647			
3. W.H. Ch.(A) Phila. Atlanta			
W-1, 5-4	3-3	3-3	13-3
P.H. 615			
4. P.H. C.H. B.H. Ch.(A) K.City B.H.			
W-1, 5-4	3-4	4-5	7-6
P.H. 571			
5. Ch. C.H. N.Y.(A)			
W-1, 5-4	2-2, 3-4	2-5, 3-7	4-4
P.H. 583			
6. St. L. Phila. C.H.			
W-1, 5-4	2-2, 3-4	7-6	5-4
P.H. 500			
7. B.H. N.Y.(A) W.H. K.City C.H. (A)			
W-1, 5-4	2-2, 3-4	13-4	5-4
P.H. 490			
8. C.H. P.H. St. L. B.H.			
W-1, 5-4	3-3	6-7	3-5
P.H. 400			

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

51st NASCAR, High Point, N.C., NASCAR 100-m Grand Nat'l Grand Prix in 1:12.94 (track record), m Oldsmobile
Midland N.C.
ERNEST DENN, Del Mar, 200-m stock car race in 1:04 Oldsmobile Atlanta, Ga.
CAL HIGBY, Phoenix, Calif. AAA 200-m mid-gt. championship race, in 20:47.20 Geofine, Calif.

BASKETBALL

PHILLIPS SHILERS, Bakersfield, Calif., over Los Angeles, 80-66, Nat'l AAU 9th Senior

BOWLING

AAU-Amy world-wide championships, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
SIXTH ARMY, team championship, with 2,482 pins
DICK HOGGER, Sixth Army, individual title, with 1,100 pins in 9 games

BOXING

BOB SATTERTFIELD, 10-round decision over Merv Mashell, bantamweights, Miami Beach
JOE KOWAN, 10-round decision over Wayne Deffen, heavyweight, Brooklyn, N.Y.
KEVIN WIGGANS, 10-round decision over Neil Van Riel, bantamweights, Birmingham, Germany
MAURICE HARPER, 10-round decision over Lino Maglio, middleweights, San Francisco
GLEN FELLNER, 10-round decision over Gerson Small, middleweights, Salt Lake City
GEORGE SHAW, 10-round decision over Carth Porter, middleweights, Philadelphia
TIGER AL WILLIAMS, 10-round decision over Milo Savage, middleweights, Seattle
JACOB LARSEN, 10-round decision over Erlan Menden, middleweights, New York
WILLIE PEP, 10-round decision over Charlie Flores, featherweights, Bay City, Mass.

COURT TENNIS

WILLIAM E. VAN ALLEN and **F. HASTINGS GRIFIN** Philadelphia, over William C. Longmire and Northing Ross, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4, U.S. amateur doubles title Boston

DOG SHOWS

DISCOWORTH DANCE OF LITTLE ANGELS (greyhound), best-in-show, Laurel Club of America N.Y., Newark, N.J.

FIELD TRIALS

ACRIPPA BEN (pointer), open all-age stake, North Jersey Field Trial Club, Gordon, N.Y.
HAL'S SPI-WIND, RENE (Leverett), 10-40 open all-age stake, Rogers Valley Retriever Club Inds. Michoud, Ore

GOF

EDWARD RANDALL, Rochester, N.Y. over John Brumley, 1 up, American Sag Golf Assn championship, St. Augustine, Fla.

HOCKEY

ST. DOMINIC'S, Lenoxton, Me., over Boston, 8-2, Nat'l Jr. Amateur Hockey Assn 9th Lenoxton Me

HORSE RACING

QUEEN HOPFUL \$10.50 Southern Race Handicap 1:10 m. by a head, in 1:41.2-3 Gulfstream Park, Melbourne, Fla. Johnny Adams up
RELIUSCOPE \$15.00 Southern Maryland Handicap, 7 f. by 3 lengths, in 2:12.3/5 (track record), Bova, Md. Jimmy Buchanan up

INBOG POLO

NYAC over New Jersey, 12-10, Eastern 12-goal tournament game, New York.

MOTORCYCLING

JOE LEONARD, San Jose, Calif., 16-hr race for experts, Valley Gate

SKING

BROOKS DODGE, Plaikian Nat'l, N.H., Eastern downhill men's title, in 1:35.8 (new record) Plaikian Nat'l
LEONA KENT, Eastern Skiers, S.C., Eastern downhill women's title in 2:13 (new record) Plaikian Nat'l.

SOCCER

PHILADELPHIA SKIRNS, over N.Y. Americans, 2-1, in third American Soccer League championship, New York.

SWIMMING

BRENDA BORTON Indianapolis, Nat'l AAU jr women's 250-yd breaststroke title, in 2:40.7 Chicago

TENNIS

(Grand Nighthorn tournament, Miami Beach)
TORRY FRABERT Cincinnati, over Vic Seixas, 6-4, 8-6, 6-3 men's singles
JOHN HART, Costa Gelato, Fla., over Mrs. Dorothy Reid Knott, 6-4, 6-1, women's singles
FRABERT and **SEIXAS**, over Art Larsen and Uli Schaffel, 6-1, 6-3, men's doubles
SEIXAS and **HISS HART**, over Mrs. Barbara Deacon and Enrique Mena, 6-1, 13-11 mixed doubles
 (Nat'l women's indoor championships, Chestnut Mt., N.Y.)
KAY HURRELL, Conway, N.H., over Mildred Thompson, 8-4, 5-7, singles title
HISS HURRELL and **ROTH JEFFREY**, over Mrs. Margaret King and Mrs. Louise Concomber, 6-7, 4-6, 6-4, doubles title

BOXING

Flyweight—R. Gomez, Mexico
Bantamweight—S. J. Gomez, Venezuela
Featherweight—G. C. Infante, Argentina
Lightweight—A. P. Siles, Argentina
Light-middletweight—C. E. Fernandez, Argentina
Welterweight—J. Durazo, U.S.
Light-middletweight—P. Wright, U.S.
Middletweight—O. Pila, U.S.
Light-heavyweight—Ignacio Basso
Heavyweight—F. M. Ochoa, Argentina

CYCLING

175-km—R. Meyer, Colombia Time 4:33.1
400-km, 4-time pursuit—Argentina Time 4:43.2
Kilo, scratch race—J. Bello, Argentina

EQUESTRIAN

Geography—Capt. H. Clavel, Chile
Cowboy & Hunter—W. Slay Jr., U.S.
Steeplechase—L. C. de Sover, Argentina
Price of Nations—Mexico

FENCING

Sabre individual—A. L. Ocho, Mexico (8-2)
Epee individual—R. Martinez, Argentina (8-0)
Epee team—Argentina

GYMNASTICS

All round—J. Beckner, U.S. 121.40 points
Free-hand exercises—J. Beckner, U.S. 38.6 points
Parallel bars—J. Beckner, U.S. 19.3 points
Horizontal bar—J. Beckner, U.S. 19.0 points
Men's all-around—A. Gosciniak, U.S. 18.6 points
Solo Horse—J. Beckner, U.S. 15.45 points
Indian club—J. Alvarez Jr., Mexico, 5.7 points
Hoop—J. Beckner, U.S. 9.6 points
Trampoline—D. Hays, U.S. 5.9 points
Long horse—J. Hays, U.S. 15.45 points

SHOOTING

Steel—K. Pennington, U.S.
22-m. rifle—A. Jackson, U.S.
22-m. rifle, 3 pos.—F. Amato, Argentina
Rapid fire at 50-yards—C. Valente, Argentina
25-m. pistol—Sgt. H. Basso, U.S.
50-m. pistol—Sgt. H. Basso, U.S.
300-m, 3 pos.—F. Amato, Argentina Team—U.S.
100-yds. 300-m—R. Hays, Argentina Team—Chile.

SWIMMING

100-m freestyle—C. Scherer, U.S. Time 57.2*
400-m freestyle—J. Malina, U.S. Time 4:51.1*
1,500-m freestyle—J. Malina, U.S. Time 20:04
100-m backstroke—F. McKinney Jr., U.S. Time 1:07.1*
200-m butterfly—E. Finn, Mexico Time 2:25.8
200-m breaststroke—H. Demingo, Argentina, Time 2:46.9
300-m relay—U.S. Time 5:00*
400-m medley relay—U.S. Time 4:25.1*
3-m. dive—J. Capelle, Mexico
10-m platform—J. Capelle, Mexico

WOMEN'S EVENTS

100-m freestyle—M. Stewart, Canada Time 1:07.7
200-m freestyle—W. L. Weller, U.S. Time 2:32.4
400-m freestyle—B. Whitel, Canada Time 5:02.6
100-m butterfly—B. Whitel, Canada Time 1:36.2*
200-m breaststroke—M. L. Daines, U.S. Time 3:04.4
100-m backstroke—J. Fisher, Canada Time 1:36.7*
400-m relay—U.S. Time 5:11.7*
400-m medley relay—U.S. Time 5:12.8*
3-m. dive—P. McCormick, U.S.
10-m platform—P. McCormick, U.S.

WOMEN'S SYNCHRONIZED EVENTS

Individual—B. Gaudin, U.S. 96.57 points
Pair—C. Beckner and C. Tedder, U.S. 91.00 points
Team—U.S. (Athlete Club of Oakland), 93.93 points

TENNIS

Women's singles—R. M. Ryan, Mexico
TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Boston—Germania Republic team 6, best 25
Boston team—U.S. (won 4 out of 10)
Boston team—U.S. (won 8 out of 10)
Sevier—Argentina team 5, best 0, best 1
Valleyview team—U.S. (won 6 out of 10)
Valleyview team—U.S. (won 6 out of 10)
Water Polo—Argentina
 *New record

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

How do you feel about the controversy between skin-divers and conventional fishermen? (Asked in the Dominican Republic)

GENERALISSIMO RAFAEL L. TRUJILLO
Ciudad Trujillo
Former President



"Skin-diving is a new adventure. It takes you into a wonderful new world. Practiced as a sport, with the emphasis on exploration and photography with the electronic speedlite, the day may come when we will have as many skin-divers hunting the beauties of the deep as we have bird watchers."

MANUEL de MOYA, Ciudad Trujillo
Former Dominican
Ambassador to U.S.



"There should be no conflict because there are enough fish for everyone. Legitimate fishing is for older sportsmen. Skin-diving is for the young. In ocean waters that surround our island, spear fishermen can't possibly damage our fishing grounds. We welcome both types of sportsmen."

JEAN F. DRACH, Paris, France
Writer



"I've done both. The real skin-diver is a sportsman. He kills only when it is difficult. His main concern is exploration. Some of the wonders of the deep are so beautiful that you don't want to come up. You feel so much at ease. The lighting, the water, the foliage and formations are indescribable."

MARCOS A. GOMEZ, Ciudad Trujillo
Mayor



"I enjoy both sports, but skin-diving is more thrilling. Each dive is an adventure. In the tropics, where there are so many sharks, it takes a lot of courage. When sharks smell blood, they come from everywhere. However, skin-diving in still, protected waters just to kill fish is not a sport."

JAMES H. BOYCE, Baton Rouge, La.
Machine distributor



"I admire skin-divers who brave the dangers of the ocean. But on the Mississippi, where the jowfish is tough to catch, the boys really have it organized. One stays in the boat and the other, with a lung, goes down on a line. When the jowfish swims near him, he places the hook in his mouth."

GWENDOLYN CAFRITZ, Washington, D.C.
Famous hostess



"No one can find fault with the conventional type of fishing. Skin-diving, too, the way it is done in Capri, at night, preferably when a full moon transforms the incomparable Bay of Naples into a sea of sapphire, is a superlative sport. I've done it. The fish have a chance."

TED BAKER, Miami
President, National
Airlines



"Real fishermen are true sports. But spear-fishing is wonderful, too. However, it's easier for skin-divers to spear fish because fish are curious. But let's enjoy the sport, not kill it. Otherwise the law may curb the wanton killers. The average hunter wouldn't kill 50 quail. He'd shoot what he can use."

THE HON. WILLIAM T. PHEIFFER, New York
U.S. Ambassador to
Dominican Republic



"Exploring the beauties of the deep is a wholesome sport. But spear-fishing, although it is spectacular, does violence to the precepts of Isaak Walton, who, in his classic on fishing, *The Compleat Angler*, said: 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

JOHN R. STUBBLEFIELD, Miami

Former hotel manager



"Skin-diving is a great sport. It's caught on tremendously. Witness the great amount of equipment being sold. I see no harm in spear fishing by skin-divers in the open sea. But if practiced indiscriminately in lakes, rivers and coastal waters, it can conceivably ruin the fishing grounds."

GEORGE W. GIBBS JR., Jacksonville, Fla.

President,
Shipbuilding company



"Spear fishing is murder. I have a lake stocked with bass on my farm in Satsuma, Fla. My 18-year-old son speared 18 fish in one hour while I caught three, trawling. However, he tells me that it's so easy to spear fish that the longer one skin-dives, the less urge he has to kill."

PAUL R. SCOTT, Miami

Chairman, First
National Bank



"A great charm of the Florida keys is plug casting and fly casting for bottom fish. When a spear fisherman goes down in one of the holes he cleans it out. He sells his kill to fish houses. If this grows, it will help ruin Florida's tourist business. I believe there will be corrective legislation."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Do the Olympic Games tend to promote international good will? (Asked at Vienna, Austria)



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

APUBLISHER is responsible for reporting to his "stockholders"—i.e., the readers—an occasional item on the business side of the ledger; and so recently I mentioned to you **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** flourishing circulation figure, which today stands at 575,000 weekly, a robust 28% over our starting point.

On the subject of advertising, I think you will be interested to know that **SI's** average number of advertising pages during its first six months has been higher than that of any other infant weekly, with the exception of **LIFE**. (In **TIME's** first six months, its average was five pages a week; *The New Yorker*, six pages; *U.S. News & World Report*, eight pages. **LIFE** averaged 24. **SI** has averaged between 14 and 15.)

Perhaps you have noticed some of our own ads in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, directed not at our readers as consumers but at those of our readers who are members of the advertising profession.

When we describe our readership in these ads as "lively," "style-wise," "pace-setting," "young and successful," we are using the most direct words we know to say something nice and if not personally, then *statistically*, real about you as an extraordinarily receptive consumer audience.

Statistics, of course, can hardly account for all the wonderful things that happen in the name of sport: the excitement of a 10th-frame strike, or of the big one that hits the plug the moment you've decided to call it a day; the grass that grows green on a thousand fairways every spring . . . or the kindred feelings that bring 575,000 young (and young-at-heart) reader-families together each week over the pages of this magazine.

But in truth, statistics do reveal that as a whole, "successful young families" describes our readers most faithfully.

For instance, 75% of you are married. More than a third of you are owners, executives and managers of business. Considerably more than half of you have a college education. Your



median age is 38. **SI's** families have a median annual income of \$7,846, more than twice the U.S. figure. Almost two-thirds of you own your homes, and collectively you occupy one out of every six homes in the U.S. valued at \$20,000 and more. And finally, 92% of **SI's** families own automobiles, and more than a fourth own two or more.

But averages aside, you are, first and foremost, people who enjoy reading about the wonderful world of sport in a magazine which is, above all things, interested in sport.

In essence, what we've been telling advertisers is that they couldn't want to meet a better crowd of people.

Harry Phillips

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SPALDING
GETS THE RADE IN SPORTS

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

WARRIORS HEAD NORTH • MINORITY VIEW ON THE
GRAND NATIONAL • ALTITUDE BALLISTICS • CARD
TABLE TALK • WORDS FOR THE BIRDS • NEW BOYS

THE WARPATH

AFTER their ceremonial month of fasting, sun-dancing and medicine-making in the South, baseball's flannelled warriors have begun filing away from their spring training quarters for another year. During the next fortnight they will creep north through the bushes of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, skirmishing lightly along the way and testing pinball machines of nights in the hotel lobbies of towns like Chattanooga, Winston-Salem, Louisville, Danville and Richmond. The Giants and the Indians, who have been whirling each other around the Far West like ill-tempered waltzing mice, will make the longest trek: they will head east together and play ball in San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans before turning north at Montgomery, Ala. Before you know it (if the keechoked Hudson does not turn into a glacier) umpires will cry "Play ball!" in the major league parks, the stirring perfume of hot dogs and spilled beer will titillate the sensitive nostrils of the faithful and the first pitched balls of 1955 will zip plateward above the soggy greensward of spring. Life will begin again, as it always has. The earth still turns.

HORSFALL RIDES AGAIN

THE GRAND NATIONAL, won this year by the Irish jumper, Quare Times, is the world's most grueling and most dangerous horse race. Since 1839

It has been generating intense excitement among devotees of racing around the world. But to a 63-year-old retired English schoolteacher named Georgina Horsfall, a lady preoccupied with falling horses, the Grand National is a national disgrace which Miss Horsfall does not propose to take sitting down.

Miss Horsfall is but one voice in a swelling chorus of angry protest that began after last year's Grand National, in which four horses were killed. Animal lovers had been denouncing the steeplechase for years, of course, but the unfortunate results of last year's race (in addition to the horses killed, 16 fell and only nine finished) gave the animal welfare crowd its strongest case in a long time. It was so strong, in fact,

that the National Hunt Committee had to sit down with the Home Secretary to discuss protests from several groups, including Miss Horsfall's own League Against Cruel Sports. The outcome was that the hunt committee agreed to modify at least one of the more dangerous jumps: the extremely hazardous Becher's Brook. The ground on the far side of the jump was raised and so was the brook's bottom. In addition, a runoff from the brook was provided.

Even so, the improvements were just so much horse feathers to Miss Horsfall. She agreed to study the modifications but warned that if they struck her as inadequate she would give all concerned "a piece of my mind."

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

British bookmakers took their heaviest betting in a generation as Quare Times (at 100-to-9) won the historic Grand National at Aintree with Tudor Line (10-to-1) second and Carey's Cottage (20-to-1) third—but not a horse was killed or even badly hurt on the muddy and dangerous 4½-mile course where four died last year. . . . Wes Santee barely missed the 4:33.6 world record for the indoor mile twice on consecutive nights at Cleveland and Chicago (running 4:04.6 and 4:04.2) well justifying his alibi ("my legs just popped out") for losing the Pan American Games 1,500-meter final in Mexico City's thin air. . . . Cambridge, aided by ex-Harvard oarsmen Phil deBols of New York and R. A. G. Monks of Boston, gave Oxford crew its worst beating in 55 years, winning by 16 lengths on the Thames. . . . Naasua won the \$148,750 Florida Derby. . . . 18-year-old Janice White of Toronto will make the year's first attempt, probably this week, to swim the frigid, tide-tormented Strait of Juan de Fuca. . . . Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore was ruled out of the ring in California for what officials called an organic heart condition but jauntily swore he would go on fighting elsewhere. . . . downtrodden Texas A & M (which snapped up Kentucky's high-powered Football Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant last year) struck again by hiring high-powered Basketball Coach Ken Loeffler away from third-ranking La Salle. . . . the great San Francisco mismatch between Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano and overstuffed Don Cockell may become one of history's top money fights with gate receipts expected to nudge the million mark.

continued from page 11

At her terraced home in Ilkley in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a haven for stray dogs and cats, Miss Horsfall amoothed down her cardigan and admitted she had never seen a steeplechase, indeed had never even ridden a horse. Miss Horsfall makes no apologies; she would as soon be caught in a



hamburger stand (she is a devout vegetarian) as at a race track.

What particularly steams Miss Horsfall is the royal family's participation in the Grand National and other sporting affairs which, in the Horsfall view, are unfair to horses. "Disgraceful," is the Horsfall word for it.

This year's Grand National, run in atrocious weather that made it potentially the most dangerous in years, might be taken as a modest moral victory for Miss Horsfall and the thousands of like-minded animal lovers in England. The modified jump at Becher's took no horse lives (although there was a total of five falls there and at the thorn fence just beyond), and the water jump directly in front of the grandstand was eliminated by the racing officials as being entirely too hazardous for the day's foul weather.

But, for all of that, Queen Elizabeth and other members of the royal family were there. The Queen Mother's horse, M'As-Tu-Vu, fell turning into the homestretch and dropped out. This will not improve the royal family's case with the animal lovers one bit. As for the Grand National itself, a great deal more than one nonfatal running of it will be required to unseat Miss Horsfall.

SPURRIER AT SEA LEVEL

IF the mile-and-a-half-high altitude of Mexico City has a deleterious effect on athletes recently come there from sea level, as pictures and on-the-spot reports of the Pan-American Games (SI, March 28 and pages 59-62 this issue) seem to prove, perhaps just the opposite happens to athletes at sea level. Perhaps they run faster. If the theory is ever put to scientific test a prime case history will be that of 22-year-old Lon Spurrier of Delano, Calif.

A couple of weeks back, Spurrier competed in the Pan-American 800-

meter run in Mexico City and finished a good second to Arnold Sowell. His time: 1:50.3. The elevation: 7,600 feet. Eleven days later in Berkeley, Calif., Spurrier ran again, this time at 880 yards (804.7 meters). The elevation: 18 feet. His time: 1:47.5, a stunning new world record that broke the old 1:48.6 mark held jointly by two titans, Mal Whitfield and Gunnar Nielsen.

At Mexico City, Spurrier led in the 800 meters until the stretch, where Sowell overhauled him. After that fine performance he decided to go all out for a record at Berkeley, although the meet attracted only 3,000 spectators.

Not given to overstatement, Spurrier says: "I was somewhat excited, of course, about breaking the record. I had planned to run the race in 1:48. I felt good, and the conditions were perfect—the weather and the track, I mean. I thought if I was ready I'd be able to do it."

He almost overdid it. He had planned to run the first quarter mile in 55 seconds. But he raced through the first 220 yards in 25.5 seconds, and at the quarter his time was a crackling 51.6. At the 660-yard mark, California's Coach Brutus Hamilton (Spurrier's old coach) crowded to the curb to yell: "You're under the record! Keep going!"

"After I heard him yell," says Spurrier, "I kept my same stride. But at the top of the turn I started my kick and when I hit the stretch I was going all out. I may have had a little left at the finish, but not much."

BRIDGE CARD

BRIDGE TABLE conversation is limited in two directions. It may be of the sparse grunted-bid-and-raised-eyebrow

style, favored by serious players, or of the discursive "Whose bid is it now? Oh, mine!" style, favored by a certain sex. In neither case is an aphorism likely to be heard or, indeed, recognized.

Edward Mayer is an Englishman who for some 30 years has been dropping in on people and winning their money at bridge. In *Money Bridge*, his just-published book which discusses brazenly the art of winning the opponents' cash at the bridge table, Mayer unloads some aphorisms and, in leading up to one of them, discloses that he likes best to play against those who have adopted one of the familiar bridge systems. Systems, he says, were designed to win duplicate bridge tournaments and are a handicap when one is playing ordinary rubber bridge for so much a point. Learning to play bridge by one of the systems, Mayer holds, is like learning to play piano by taking 20 correspondence lessons.

This view leads Mayer to tell of his gratitude to Ely Culbertson, whose system converted many a player into prey for Mayer's winning ways.

"Mr. Culbertson's Approach-Forcing system," he writes, "was designed for persons equipped with limited thinking machinery; he devised a means of persuading millions of brainless people that they could play an almost perfect game. He deserved all the money he made, and I am greatly in his debt."

(But during the mid-30s an American team led by Culbertson beat a team from Mayer's club, a victory attributed by Culbertson to his system. It was followed by "a spate of artificial codes" in British club play, and Mayer at that time was not grateful. He wrote a sharp letter to *The Times*.)

Other Mayerisms:

"... if you regularly lose, you are not the unluckiest player at the table; he is your partner."

"Pleasso drew human beings with normal bodies before he gave them three heads and eyes in their navels. So at bridge you must learn faultless bidding before applying your brains to misleading your opponents."

"A convention in its broadest sense is an arrangement between partners disclosed to the others at the table. The most valuable which has come my way was used by a Frenchman who did not permit his wife to bid No Trumps."

"... a former President of France ... fell out of a night train in his pajamas and roamed the country quacking like a duck. ... His peasant rescuer identified him immediately as a very important person because his feet were



SINCERITY

*The wrestler's not pretending;
That was an honest groan.
The ankle that he's bending
Is, alas, his own.*

—IRWIN L. STEIN

clean. Distinguished players are less easily recognized. . . ."

"You win by the other man's mistakes, not by your own brilliance."

CALLING ALL CROWS

IF MEN had wings and bore black feathers," Henry David Thoreau once said, "few of them would be wise enough to be crows." Despite the likely truth of this observation, men keep trying to become as smart as the big, black, swashbuckling con men of the avian world, and down in Baltimore a team of six men has made the project almost a life work.

The Baltimore six include a team of four brothers—Ray, Lou, Jerry and Eddie Focherkoh—and a father-and-son team, Charlie and Buddy Weaver. The team started to hunt crows back in 1947, but for four full years they hit nothing but fresh air while the crows cawed themselves sick.

The reason for their failure was simple enough. The crows were just too smart. They could spot the boys coming a mile away and hear a car door slam farther away than that. And the crows never relaxed their vigilance or sat around cutting up a few caws without leaving a sentinel on the nearest fence post. This sentinel crow would call out interesting bulletins which, freely translated, might mean: "Station wagon pulling off the highway!" or "Break it up, fellows, these guys got guns!" or perhaps "Hey! A great horned owl just flew in! Let's go get the —!" Crows hate horned owls as much as other birds hate them.

Well, sir, the Baltimore boys decided, after four years of failure, to start at the very beginning. They set out to learn to talk and think like crows. They read every book on crows in the library. They bought every kind of crow call manufactured and practiced around the house until their wives were frantic. They hid in the woods and just listened to crows. Soon they were able to dig the talk real good and a little later they were able to duplicate the one about the great horned owl so well that crows blackened the sky as they rushed pell mell toward the enemy.

But the Baltimore hunters played it cozy. Having mastered the talk, they designed a blind out of mesh wire covered with dark chicken feathers. They got some of those jungle suits the Marines used to wear and made masks out of the same material. (A crow can spot a white-faced hunter through the thickest foliage.) Next, the hunters worked on decoys until they developed

specimens of owls that would fool another owl, to say nothing of a crow.

It paid off. Sitting in their blind, the decoys out front, the now skillful imitators began to talk like crows. They told of Marilyn Monroe-type crows preening themselves in the underbrush. They broadcast alarms of crow riots (crows dearly love a free-for-all), and they cawed of crows in distress in a way that would melt the heart of even a heartless crow. They kept talking without a break, for that is a crow's way. If there is even a split-second interruption, the oncoming crows will whirl and flee.

Now they had the hang of it, the Baltimore boys got crows by the thousands. For three years straight now, one of them has won the contest put on by the National Sporting Goods Co. of Baltimore. Last week Charlie Weaver brought in 1,229 crows' feet (as evidence of number of crows caught) to take this year's title. No one knows how a one-footed or three-footed crow got in there.

Who cares about this slaughter of crows? Farmers and conservationists care very much. So do crows.

NEW BOY IN TOUGH SCHOOL

MOST FIGHT fans are becoming resigned to a standard of boxing in which the jab is a fitful poke and footwork is acceptable if the boxer does not trip himself. True fighting craftsman-

ship is so rare these TV nights that the sight of it in a newcomer can thrill like a winning ticket on the last race.

Willie Pastrano, a 19-year-old growing middleweight with the speed of a cheetah, gave such a thrill when he was introduced to TV boxing society in Chicago against Al Andrews, a durable, hard-punching bruiser of no special excellence beyond his ability to take it until he can give it. But this has been enough to carry Andrews a far piece against all but the likes of Carmen Basilio and Vince Martinez. Against the unknown Pastrano Andrews' only chance was a knockout. Unable to deliver it through the magnificently skillful hit-and-run style of Pastrano, pestered by stinging jabs, Andrews stood in the middle of the ring at one point and begged Pastrano to fight at close quarters. Pastrano came in and coolly drenched Andrews' bewildered head with left hooks, right crosses and uppercuts, then danced back. He never got another invitation. On two of the three official scorecards he won all 10 rounds.

Pastrano, unheard of in northern rings, is the latest product of Whitey Eseneault's wonderful New Orleans stable, in which Ralph Dupas, second-ranking lightweight, was groomed.

One-legged Whitey has 14 or 15 professional fighters and some 75 amateurs under his wing. He has an uncanny eye for spotting ring talent in 12-year-olds and the knack for development—continued on next page



"Isn't that cheating?"

ing them into flashy, will-o'-the-wisp boxers, like Dupas and like Pastrano. They are nursed along until they are ready for amateur bouts held weekly at the St. Mary's Church Catholic Youth Organization gymnasium in the French Quarter. Then Whitey leads them into professional preliminaries and, if they survive, into main events.

The explanation for Pastrano's nearly impenetrable style lies in Whitey's training. His boys work out daily in a gym set up in the St. Mary's courtyard, because Whitey likes them to have a church environment. He teaches them to be God-fearing and polite. Then he teaches them to take care of themselves in the ring. There are fans who urge Whitey's boys to wade in and trade punches, but the manager counsels care. Characteristically, his fighters dance nimbly away from perplexed opponents, lunge in with incredible speed to land a blow or two, then prance out of harm's way, all the while piling up the points needed to win.

"I don't want any of my kids to get punchy," Whitey explains. "I teach these boys to keep from getting hurt. They learn to box to protect themselves. But they also can punch, and they'll show it when the time comes."

Willie lost some earlier fights to boys who would give him no trouble now. It was no disgrace, at 17, to lose to the clever veteran Del Flanagan.

"When Willie first started," Whitey explains, "he liked malted milks."

Happily married and looking forward to fatherhood, Willie has won his last six fights with his wedding ring tied to a shoelace. It gives him the feeling, he says, that his wife is with him.

NEW BOY RETIRES

THE HAZARDS of prizefighting are multiple but what boxers fear most, to the extent that they laugh loud and nervously at jokes about punch-drunk fighters, is injury to the brain. It can happen to any of them at any time.

It will be news to millions of television viewers that they probably saw it happen to Chamrean Songkitrat, an ambitious young Thailander who wants to be his country's J. Edgar Hoover and came to the United States this winter for the double purpose of studying FBI and American police methods and doing a little boxing. By the grace of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), he had been matched against Raul Macias of Mex-

ico, for what IBC and the National Boxing Association called the world's bantamweight championship but the California boxing commission insisted on calling just another fight. (SI, Mar. 14). Songkitrat was beaten last September by Robert Cohen of France, the champion, and a few months before that by Jimmy Carruthers. He had, in fact, fought only ten times as an occidental boxer. Until 1961 he had fought in the Siamese style which legalizes kicking as well as punching. Macias won by a wide margin. The bout, scheduled for 12 rounds, was stopped in the 11th.

But no one could question Songkitrat's gameness. He took punishment bravely. After the fight he and his companion, Thai Police Lieutenant Bhurwatt (who has no first or last name or, if you please, only one name) came to New York. Last Friday afternoon Songkitrat collapsed.

The Thai embassy in Washington arranged for his admission to New York Hospital, where he was put under the care of Dr. Brownson Ray, one of the world's leading neurologists. He had a blood clot on his brain, an injury which usually discloses itself from two to six weeks after a blow.

Friends of Songkitrat revealed he

had been completely surprised by the offer to fight Macias. He was, in fact, a last-minute substitute for Mario D'Agata, who was unfortunately shot up in an Italian laundry. Songkitrat had done not a lick of training—no roadwork, not even shadow boxing—since his September bout with Cohen. The fight was scheduled originally for March 17, which still would not have given him time to get in shape, then was moved up to March 9. Songkitrat arrived February 23, air sick, and postponed training for a couple of days. He got in about 10 days of training, which included only 12 rounds of sparring before the fight. The afternoon of the fight one of his Western friends searched San Francisco's Chinatown for some joss sticks to burn as an offering. At New York Hospital, when Songkitrat's clothes were being removed, he pressed into his Western friend's hand a tiny, ancient Buddha, two inches high and in a gold and glass case, which he had worn about his neck. Songkitrat believed he was about to die.

Doctors were much more hopeful. But Chamrean Songkitrat will not box again. He will not even continue his plan to study FBI operations. Once out of the hospital, Songkitrat will go back to Thailand.

SPECTACLE

GOLF MASTERPIECE

The Masters tournament at Augusta marks the coming of spring and is an annual flowering of golf at its best

A major golf tournament is one of the ranking spectacles in the vast vivarium of sport. Golf has one sizable advantage over most other games: it is played in expansive natural surroundings, a wide-sweeping landscape of rolling green hills and flowering foliage, of tall trees and quiet brooks. Indeed, the rural charms of its setting are one of the main attractions the game has for the five million Americans who play it as well as for the millions who turn up each year at tournaments to trudge happily after their heroes. Each April—this year, from Thursday, April 7, through Sunday, April 10—the event that epitomizes the eye-filling drama of a great tournament, the Masters, takes place over the justly celebrated course of the Augusta National Golf Club in Augusta, Ga. Here in color are four pages depicting golf's premier spectacle, followed by a Preview of the Masters by Herbert Warren Wind, with detailed charts of the 18 holes that make up the most beautiful and testing inland course in the country.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





Dutch Harrison (above) holes his final putt at twilight on second day of last year's Masters. On the fourth and final day, the 18th green is invariably banked by a huge horseshoe of spectators (right) straining to watch the crucial shots





Ben Hogan watches while Byron Nelson, winner of the Masters in 1937 and 1942, drives from the 11th tee, which is recessed in a grove of lofty upland pine trees

THE MASTERS

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

An idyllic golfing test revered by a generation of the game's best players is once again ready to test their skills. Here is a report on the celebrated tournament at Augusta—its perils, its pleasures

THE rise to prominence of the Masters golf tournament is one of the relative miracles in modern American sport. In just about a score of years, the Masters, which started out in 1934 as just a notable competition, has grown so inexorably in prestige and honest glamour that today it has come to eclipse the National Open in the stir it arouses, and this stir is sufficient to place the event in just about the same category as the World Series (inaugurated in 1903) and the Kentucky Derby (first run in 1875) as a full-fledged national sports classic. During the first full week in April when the tournament annually takes place over the great green meadowland slopes of the Augusta National Golf Club in Augusta, Ga., millions of Americans who ordinarily can go right on living even if they confuse Hogan with Hagen and Little with Littler suddenly become interested in golf, golfers and Augusta, very much in the way they perennially become aware of horses, horsemen and Churchill Downs as the Derby approaches.

As for died-in-the-cashmere golf fans, a consciousness of the Masters is in the air every day the year round. It is tacitly assumed by the men and women intimately connected with the game that all of their friends in golf, regardless of how many other major events they have to pass up due to private or business pressures, are jolly well going to see to it that they make the Masters. In any month of the year, when those far-flung inhabitants of golfdom bump into one another at banquets or tournaments or when they meet by chance on the street or in a parlor car, one phrase naturally and invariably accompanies the parting handshake: "Well, I'll see you at the Masters." They usually do.

The fact that we live in an age of publicity and wildfire communication explains to a large degree the "overnight" progress of the infant tournament into a vital tradition, but it could never have happened even in this age unless the Masters were—as it is—just about all you could ask of a golf tournament and then some. (Perhaps it should be stated right here before proceeding any farther that it is still a higher honor for a golfer to win the National Open than the Masters, but the Open by its very nature changes its venue every year and consequently never acquires quite the special patina that seems to affix itself to those events which have the advantage of taking place year after year in the same, ever-more-familiar locale.)

It takes four elements, really, to make a great tournament: a superb course; a strong field; competent and imaginative (if invisible) administrative organization; and, most important of all, the true and unmistakable spirit of golf at its best. The Masters has all of these requisites because it was born right and brought up beautifully under the twin talents of two men who could not be less alike and who have, almost because of their disparate abilities,

devised into an unbeatable combination. The better known of the two is Robert T. Jones Jr., the one and only Bobby, the best-loved Southerner since Robert E. Lee and a man of such sensitive general intelligence that you wonder, when you look back, how he managed to harness it under the stress of competition when that kind of brains usually gets in an athlete's way. The other member of the team is Clifford Roberts, a 61-year-old, Chicago-born New York investment banker, a relentless perfectionist with one of the best minds for management and significant detail since Salmon P. Chase.

Jones's and Roberts's paths first crossed late in 1930 when Jones, a tired warrior of 28, had announced his retirement from tournament golf after completing his epochal Grand Slam. That autumn, at the invitation of Roberts and two other wintertime Augusta regulars, Jones came to that city from Atlanta to inspect a plot of land they were recommending as a possible site for the "dream course" he had frequently remarked he would like to build when circumstances were hospitable. The plot was part of an ancient indigo plantation which had been purchased in 1857 by a Belgian nobleman, Baron Breekmans, who converted Fruitlands, as the estate was named, into one of the South's leading nurseries. Jones was driven down Magnolia Lane, a double row of magnolias leading to the antebellum manor house, today the heart of the Augusta National's rambling clubhouse. "I stood at the top of the hill before that fine old house," Jones has since described that Balboa-like

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THE TWO ARCHITECTS OF THE MASTERS



BOB JONES. He designed the course and imparted to his deep experience and love of golf.



CLIFFORD ROBERTS. He has been tournament committee chairman since its inception.

THE AUGUSTA NATIONAL A HOLE-BY-HOLE STUDY

EACH of the 18 holes of the Augusta National Golf Course bears the name of the predominant flower, shrub or tree that fringes its fairway or green area. Contrary to legend, none of the



White Pine



1. 400 YARDS PAR FOUR. Requires a fairly accurate drive and a fairly accurate second but is not too demanding. Excellent warm-up hole for both expert and duffer.



Palm



4. 320 YARDS PAR THREE. Key hazard is Redan-type trap at front center of elevated green.



Yellow Jasmine



8. 520 YARDS PAR FIVE. Uphill all the way to a sharply mounded punch-bowl green. When pin is situated at back of the green, approach shot must be placed perfectly for player to successfully get down in two.



Dogwood



11. 445 YARDS PAR FOUR. Tee was originally to the right of the tenth green. It takes considerable courage to go for the pin on the approach, for Rae's Creek hugs close to left side of green.



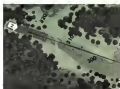
Flythorn



15. 505 YARDS PAR FIVE. Scene of Sarazen's double eagle in 1935 tournament. A par is a relatively simple matter on a windless day, for most professionals can carry the pond before the green with their second. The green can be very slippery.



Woodbine



2. 655 YARDS PAR FIVE. Can be reached in two some days by an extremely long hitter. A well-



Magnolia



5. 450 YARDS PAR FOUR. A very rough customer that usually calls for a drive and a long iron, sometimes a wood. On the severely contoured green, Snead once mistooked putt from 45 feet and ended up 50 feet away. Bank it.



Carolina Cherry



Golden Bell



12. 155 YARDS PAR THREE. A touchy one-shooter generally made even touchier by gusty cross winds.



Red Bud



16. 190 YARDS PAR THREE. Favourite hole for Eisenhower. Pond forms a veritable fairway of water.

holes is a copy of a famous predecessor in Great Britain or the United States. In planning them, Bob Jones attempted to duplicate only the general spirit of the great courses he had

played, and the design of each hole springs from the natural features of the terrain—depicted in these charts with the contour lines (indicating the rise and fall of the land) set at 10-foot

gradations. There are few golfers, pro or amateur, who do not consider the Masters course that Jones built the sturdiest and most provocative test of championship golf in the country.

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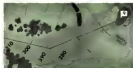
placed second will set up possible birdie for average pro. Green is trickier than it looks, replete with disturbingly subtle breaks.



Juniper

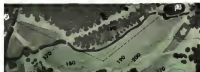


6. 190 YARDS PAR THREE. Patton started his spectacular rush in 1954 by holing five-iron here.



9. 420 YARDS PAR FOUR. Approach to plateau green often must be played from downhill lie. In doubt, keep right.

Azalea



13. 470 YARDS PAR FIVE. Can be reached with two excellent shots. Has frequently been dramatic turning point of tournament.



Nardine



17. 400 YARDS PAR FOUR. Placement of the drive is the key, so it is on so many holes at Augusta. Horton Smith beat Craig Wood in first Masters here by holing a 29-foot putt for his birdie.



Flowering Peach



3. 355 YARDS PAR FOUR. A Scottish-type drive-and-pitch hole that requires a perfectly gauged second. For all of its shortness, this is a tough nut and one of the most unyielding pars.



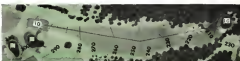
Parrotia



7. 385 YARDS PAR FOUR. The nest of traps around the small green puts the premium on a long drive that sets up a comfortable pitch. Most players are entirely happy to settle for their par.



Camellia



10. 470 YARDS PAR FOUR. Probably the most beautiful and redoubtable par 4 in the country, with the 8th at Pebble Beach its only true challenger.



Spanish Dagger



14. 420 YARDS PAR FOUR. Has the reputation for being a quiet killer. The drive has almost a sidehill feeling. Green is partially hidden by mounds, its surface wickedly contoured, hard to figure.



Holly



15. 420 YARDS PAR FOUR. Uphill all the way to a green that tilts from back to front. Some cautious golfers deliberately play their approach short of the green. The best miss putts here.

Text continued from page 13

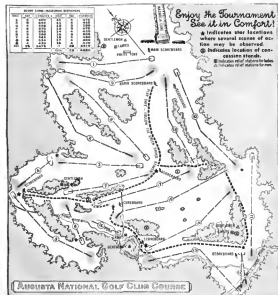
STRATEGIC DESIGN

"repeaters" who, after hurrying to the brow of the hill, do not affirm to themselves, "It's just as lovely as I remember it. I hope it always stays the same because of what it personally means to me."

first enunciated for Americans the beauty of strategic design. The Augusta National, coming after a period of wholesale infatuation with penal design, reaffirmed the superiority of the strategic and did it so well that a reversion to the penal has never since occurred. Instead of instantly penalizing the player whenever he strays from the straight and narrow and appointed, a golf hole of strategic design offers a player several lines of attack, permitting him, as he judges his capacities and how the hole is playing that day, to choose conservative, mildly aggressive or audacious tactics. A successful strategic hole rewards each shot fairly—that is, in proper proportion to the type of shot attempted and how well it was played. For example, the hole is prepared to bestow a worthwhile advantage on the golfer who attempts the shot that requires more skill and nerve than the safe shot and pulls it off. It is also prepared to make him pay in the same definite terms if he overestimates his shot-making ability.

A MATTER OF JUDGMENT

At Augusta, the 13th and 15th holes probably offer the simplest illustrations of this strategic concept, although it is present in varying degrees of subtlety in all of the holes. Both the 13th and 15th are par fives, rather shortish ones, 470 and 505 yards respectively, in keeping with Jones's thesis that a par five should not be so lengthy that it cannot be reached with two absolutely first-class shots. At the same time, on each of these holes, a receptive water hazard lurks just before the green, a winding creek on the 13th, a small pond on the 15th. If a golfer has poled out a fine drive on either hole, then, if the wind is not against him, he has a decision to make: should he try to clear the water hazard and set himself up for a birdie or even an eagle, or should he play short of the hazard and accept the prudent probability of a par? Billy Joe Patton, who in last year's Masters was in no mood to accept the probability of a par when there was the remotest possibility of a birdie, elected on that pressureful last round to "go for" the green on both these holes. In both instances he was pressing the percentages; neither of his drives, the first pushed, the second pulled, afforded him a really good lie and a comfortable stance for that big second shot. On the 13th, though he lashed a terrific spoon shot from a side-hill lie, the ball drifted a shade and caught the upper creek, and before he was finished, Billy Joe had



facilities. The reverse side of the typewriter-paper-size sheet lists the starting times for that day's play and earlier round scores.

SAM SNEAD: MASTER OF THE MASTERS



himself a seven. Quite similarly, trying to crack a spoon all the way from a close lie in the rough on the 15th, he was unable to get enough of the ball. The ducking shot eventually skidded into the pond before the green, and Billy Joe had a six that settled his fate once and for all. To be sure, the same all-out tactics were responsible for the slew of birdies Billy Joe picked up on his four adventurous rounds, but in most cases the odds were more in his favor than on the 13th and 15th in the final round, and this is the point of strategic architecture.

At the Masters, the course is the star of the show, and since it is, a few more observations on its manifold merits would seem to be in order. They are old stories to veteran Augusta hands.

1) While testing a pro for all he is worth, the course, as was the aim of its co-designers, is the friend of the average golfer. He has a minimum of lateral rough to worry about and no rough to clear in order to reach the start of the fairway. He has to contend with only 30 functional traps—Oakmont at its peak had well over 200. He generally scores three or four shots lower than on his far less lengthy and lordly home layout.

2) No golfer who is not an excellent putter can hope to win the Masters. The greens are immense, and their contours weave and roll like a young ocean. It is noteworthy that the one dark horse ever to win the tournament, Herman Keiser, is an extremely fine chipper and putter.

3) Power by itself cannot win at Augusta. As Jones has put it, "A long driver has a definite advantage over a short driver if he hits his long drive in the right direction."

4) The second nine at Augusta, while totalling the same yardage as the first nine—3,475 yards—is considerably more perilous. There is water in front of or skirting the green on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th and 16th. This places a golfer under a sizeable strain, the penalty for a missed shot being so conclusive. At the same time, a hot golfer can score lower on this second nine than on the first. On his first round in the 1940 event, Jimmy Demaret galloped around it in 30.

A SPECTATOR'S COURSE

5) Whenever a hole at the Augusta National has revealed that some key feature, perfect on the drawing board, doesn't "play," that feature has been corrected or remodeled. These modifications have been undertaken on the average of one or two features a year

Virginia hills still hits the ball a country mile. On the relatively "open" Augusta National course, which is friendlier to the big hitter than the tight layouts on which the U.S. Opens are often played, Sam Snead is a hard man to beat. Sam reports from Florida that the hack miseries that forced him out of competition last December have cleared up. "Ah feel wonderful," the Slammer draws. He has been doing "sit-up" exercises every morning to get in shape, shed seven pounds in a week and is already practicing at Augusta. In recent rounds over various Florida courses, Sam has had several 65s, which would indicate that, for a veteran of 42, he is still close to the top of his game. During his career, which has been spectacular for both success and failure, Snead has overdriven a green 360 yards from the tee and holed out from ankle-deep water 50 yards from the cup. He has also flubbed putts that would make a duffer blush. The late Grantland Rice saw him miss putts of 12, 18 and 12 inches on successive holes. In his 18 years of tournament play, Snead has used 250 putters trying to improve what just about everyone considers the only weak part of his game. By contrast, he has been belting them 300 yards with the same battered old driver ("Man, that's an awful piece of wood") since 1937. He'll tee off with it at Augusta, where he is always in the mood to win. If he does, Sam Snead, the man who has been so frustrated by the Open, will become the only golfer who has won the nation's second most important tournament four times.

under the direction of Bob Jones. Bob now thinks that most of the really necessary adjustments have been made, and this past year no changes were made save for recontouring the 13th green.

6) The Augusta National is in a class by itself when it comes to making provision for spectators. Just behind the second green, for instance, what was originally a mild slope has been bulldozed into a mound large enough to accommodate 2,000 people. From the crest of this mound it is possible to take in the approach and the putting on the 2nd, the drive on the 3rd, the approach on the 7th, and the drive and second shot on the 8th. There are any number of such choice vantage points, natural and man-made, for the spectator to use when he is not walking the holes with a favorite player or contender.

Because of the strategic come-hither of its holes, the Augusta National evokes the spectacular. Almost every Masters has either been won or roused to life by some dramatic shot or some burst of

outrageous brilliance. This precedent was set back in 1935 in the second Masters when Gene Sarazen made his celebrated double eagle, a stroke less impressive financially and less final than Lew Worsham's wedge into the cup on the last hole in the 1953 Tam O'Shanter, but probably still the most sensational shot ever unceremonied in a major event, double eagles being rarer birds than eagles. Playing his second on the par-five 15th (or 69th), aware that he needed a three-under-par finish on the last four holes to tie Craig Wood, Gene rode into a four-wood. The ball carried the pond, hit the green, ran headlong for the cup and dropped. Sarazen went on to tie Wood and eventually to defeat him in the play-off. This April, it being the 20th anniversary of the double eagle, a new bridge spanning a narrow width of the pond and commemorating Gene's exploit will be unveiled.

The Masters is never won until it is literally won, so suddenly can fortune shift for or against you at Augusta. In 1937, for instance, Ralph Guldahl, continued on page 87

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT





'INTO THE STRETCH...'

DRIVING HARD in the mud at Gulfstream Park, William Woodward Jr.'s willful *Wanderling Nashua* (see page 12) left in this photograph of the field of nine by Bill Kuehn (see page 12) to take the lead from pace setter First Cabin during the running of the \$149,000 Florida Derby. For the full story on Nashua's great victory see Whitney Tower's *Wanderling* page 12.



EVELYN ANDRES of Modesto, Calif. is the wife of a motorcycle dealer and aunt of winner of 200-mile race.



BETTY MARTIN of Greensboro, N.C., is a newlywed, planned to continue on to Key West for a honeymoon with her service-station-owner husband.

MOTORCYCLISTS CHOOSE THEIR NEW QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BURKHIDE

IRENE TEETER of Rochester, N.Y., rode down on a single motorcycle, sharing the driving with her husband.



FOR SIX DAYS Daytona Beach, Fla. reverberated to the roar of one-and two-cylinder engines. While the resort inhaled a miasma of exhaust fumes and dust, throngs of men and

JUNE LOVEJOY of Lansing, Mich., the daughter of a motorcycle-hog owner, models the full and correct uniform for the Motor Maids of America.





EVELYN ROHRER of De Witt, Mich. is married to a toolmaker who owns a motorcycle shop which specializes in handling the British makes.



ILENE TILSON of Princeton, Mo., a 36-year-old redhead, was the winner of "most popular girl rider" title.

women dressed in everything from the black leather windbreaker to the latest Roy Rogers cowboy chemise crowded the racecourse and city streets. It was the winter meeting of the American

Motorcycle Association, and along with the big 100-mile and 200-mile races the AMA held a contest to determine the "most popular girl rider." Pictured here are eight of the finalists, all but

one of whom were members of Motor Maids of America, a 600-strong group whose uniform is gray slacks, blue shirts and white neckerchiefs. The winner was Ilene Tilson (upper right).

HELEN MCKENZIE of Corpus Christi, Tex. is the wife of a motorcycle dealer and has captured a number of trophies in women's events in Texas.



LORRY KRUEGER of Wausau, Wis., only nonmember of Motor Maids, has ridden for six of her 18 years.

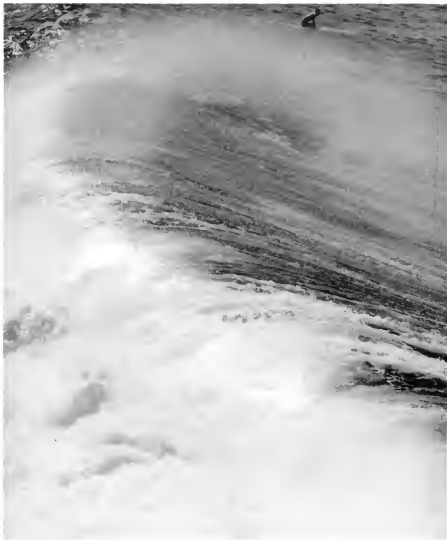




A BREAKER ERUPTS

A remarkable photo from a helicopter by SP's Hy Peskin catches surf riders gripped by a huge wave

Just as it breaks into boiling violence, a mighty Waikiki roller sweeps two surfboard riders towards shore while a third surf rider (upper right) paddles out to catch a later wave. The surf rider begins a session by shouldering his 10-foot board (weighing up to 50 pounds) and lugging it to the water's edge. Then he paddles as much as a half-mile



against the sea to reach the spot where the combers begin to form. Spotting a growing wave he paddles furiously towards shore. As the roller catches up to the board the surf rider climbs erect and begins steering an oblique course along the forward slope of the wave. Using his foot as a rudder and shifting his delicately balanced weight he

steers away from breaking water. Too much weight on the tail of the board brings the nose up and the rider loses the wave. Too much weight forward tilts the nose down and the board will "pearl dive"—plunge beneath the surface of the water, then bound high in the air, possibly cracking the rider on the head when it comes down.



MY FRIEND, MY PLAYMATE

by JONG YONG PAK
and JOCK CARROLL

This chapter from the forthcoming book, 'Korean Boy,' tells of one of the tragic incidents of wartime, in which a boy's love for his dog is put to a fearful test. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Inc. \$2.50)

THREE DAYS have passed since the nine members of our family, including Mero, escaped to this small village from Chongju on the ninth day of July, 1950. Today is the 12th day of July.

All last night the sky over Chongju was as bright as though the sun were rising in the night. From this we knew that Chongju was being bombed by U.N. planes, and we imagined the whole city had been destroyed.

At this small mountain village of Tun-kol we were able to rent a very small room in which Mother and the small children slept. My father, my

younger brother and I slept on the *mong sok*, or straw mat, on the ground.

Mero, my dog, who always sticks to my side, was sleeping with her chin resting on my throat when I woke up.

"Hey, Mero! Get up off there!" I said.

Mero jumped up quickly.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked Mero and took hold of her by the ears and shook her gently. She is a beautiful purebred German shepherd dog, colored dark brown and yellow.

Mero became a member of our family early one summer when the young harley heads were beginning to grow in

the blue-green valley fields and the cherry trees were blossoming vigorously along the Musim River banks. I remember well because I was in fourth year high school and used to go to school through the tunnel of overhanging cherry trees along the river.

One day when I came home from school I found a puppy dog eating her supper on the porch.

"Hello, a dog!" I said.

I threw down my book bag and caught up the little dog. Around her neck I found a card which said:

"A birthday present from Uncle."

Before Mero came, I used to play a

lot at school after hours, but from the very next day on I found I could hardly wait to hurry home and see little Mero. All the members of our family loved Mero, but my father and I loved her more than anybody else. When she was four months old we decided to send her to the dog training school, which was very expensive, costing 9,000 won.

Happily, Mero's training hour was set for 5 o'clock in the afternoon and as soon as school was over I would fly to the river bank to watch the training.

For the first month Mero learned only to follow the trainer obediently. The second month she learned to jump over boxes and go into the water to bring back sticks thrown by the trainer.

Later in her training she also learned to jump through a hoop of fire at command and to remain inside a ring protecting a bundle of valuables against anyone who came near. She was also taught to disarm a man who pretended to attack the trainer with a stick.

When the trainer finally brought back Mero from the school he said, "I have trained a thousand dogs but I have never seen a dog as intelligent as this one."

He asked us to sell Mero to him for 30,000 won, but of course we refused his offer.

Because I had to go to school every day, Mero would go to the first station with my father to stay with him during the day. Every morning, when Father had finished reading his newspaper, he would fold it and ask Mero to take it home to my mother.

Mero would take it home without disturbing the paper one little bit and also without getting a single drop of spit on it. When she arrived home she would rest her chin on the porch, or *seon*, and cry to let Mother know she had brought the paper.

She also had a habit of never sitting on the ground without something under her. When she wanted to sit she would collect many pairs of shoes, which we left at the door of our house, and make a nest to sit or lie on. When we visited the homes of other people this would cause a great deal of laughter and confusion because Mero would mix up all the pairs of shoes that had been left standing at the door. No one minded the confusion, though, because everyone laughed at her trick.

Mero was also completely trained about her food, a thing which was said to be almost impossible for other dogs to learn. She would eat only food given to her by my mother and father and by myself. She would not begin to eat until we gave the order.

When we finally said the magic word, "Mogo!" she would jump to her dish and begin eating, waving her big tail for joy.

It was this wonderful obedience of Mero's which was to be the main fact of her life and death.

THE village of Tun-kol where our family had taken refuge was high in the mountains. On this morning, Mero and I ran up the narrow path between the old cryptomeria and pine trees, kicking at the wet grass.

When we got to the mountain top the sky was red and pink but the sun had not yet risen. I could look down and see the tree-lined highway leading back toward Chongju between the wide fields. Other mountains were gray in the distance and at their feet I could see the tops of a few farmers' houses through the foggy mist. Last night's roaring of the guns was gone, and as I looked at the peaceful sight spread in front of my eyes I felt that the war was an old story which I had heard a long time ago, or that the roaring of the guns had been only the thunder of a rainy night. It did not seem possible a war was going on only ten li away.

Mero jumped at me as though asking me to play as we used to play in the days when we lived in peace.

"But, Mero," I said, "I have a big trouble. What shall I do? Because I have no food to give you."

For two days now Mero had eaten almost nothing. She still looked playful, but I was surprised and frightened to see how her stomach had shrunk.

Yesterday and the day before I had gone with my younger brother, Jong Hyong, to the village to collect scraps of garbage to feed Mero. I did not know what we would do today, because last evening when we went to houses

begging for garbage, people complained.

They said, "Did you ever see a man who brings his dog as a refugee? Did you ever see a man who begs food for a dog?"

One woman refugee from Seoul spoke angrily to us. "Listen, young fellows, in Seoul I had a dog which was worth 7,000 won. I had to leave my dog behind, so I think you had better give your dog away also. In this kind of world there is not even enough food for human beings, so how can you find food for dogs?"

When he was spoken to this way, Jong Hyong became angry too. "Did anybody tell you to leave your dog behind?" he asked the woman. "No. You did not bring your dog because you were not able to. We were able to bring Mero with us, so we brought her."

We went to the house of an old man who was said to be the richest man in the village.

"Are you in peace, grandfather?"

"Hm," said the old man, stroking his silvery white beard. "Again you come for dog food. I want you to understand that I am also a man who loves dogs very much. But with the war the world has changed a great deal in a very short time. Only last week I had to kill my own dog."

"What?" Jong Hyong cried. "You killed your own dog?"

"Yes," said the old man, "what else could I do?"

He took his long Korean pipe, the *jangjuk*, from his belt and began to fill it with tobacco.

Jong Hyong stared. "Why," he said finally, "you could have fed your dog scraps of garbage, like we are doing."

"No," the old man said, "we must feed the garbage to the pigs. If we do this, then later we can eat the pigs. Can you eat a dog?"

"Where is the man," said Jong Hyong scornfully, "who would raise a dog to eat? There is no such man. People keep a dog so they can play together."

The old man laughed. "Please don't tell me such an old story. Didn't you hear the guns last night? People are starving for food. How can they keep a dog to play with? No, it is an old story. The time to keep a dog has now gone away. I am sorry to have to say this to you, but I had planned to kill your dog today."

"*Mossi aekipo, aekisio!*" cried Jong Hyong. "What is how and what?"

He was so startled he forgot to be polite to the old man, and used this slang expression, which was bad. Besides, the

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MY FRIEND

continued from page 21

old man's words had frightened him.

"Listen, grandfather!" Jong Hyong said. "If you don't want to give us any garbage for Mero, just say you don't want to give us any. What did you say? You were going to kill Mero? All right, go ahead and try! I would like to see you do that!"

Jong Hyong spoke with such rudeness because he was very young and because he was very nearly crying.

Jong Hyong and I left Mero at the room we were renting, playing with our baby sister while we tried to think of some other way of getting food.

"I know!" I shouted. "Frogs! Let's catch frogs for Mero!"

"Of course!" said Jong Hyong. "Then we will cook them and give them to her."

That afternoon we went down to the rice paddies to catch frogs. We caught about 20 frogs and that evening we roasted them and gave them to Mero. We were glad to be able to feed Mero, but by the time the frogs were roasted they were very small.

Now as I played with Mero on the top of the mountain in the early morning, I wondered again what we could do today to get food for her.

"Mero!" I said. "You must eat what you can find! You don't have to wait for our command to eat any more!"

Mero jumped at me as if she understood, but I knew she did not. When I came down from the mountain that morning I made up my mind to give my breakfast to Mero. So when I received the little ball of cooked rice

which was our breakfast, I wrapped it in a piece of paper and went into the woods with her so no one would know I was giving my food to the dog.

When I placed the rice in front of Mero I could see she was terribly hungry, but she just looked from the food to me and back again. She was waiting the command to eat.

"Mero," I said. The rice vanished in the short moment it takes to blink an eye.

The little ball of rice could never fill Mero's empty stomach, but I felt happier because I had given her my breakfast. I had to do it away from the eyes of other people because they would say I was crazy, feeding a dog when there was not enough food for human beings. In my heart I could not blame them for feeling this way.

To this little village of 20 houses more than 500 refugees had come in the last three days. All, including our family, were short of food, and we were eating only two small meals a day.

Now I would not eat until supper. I felt very hungry, because I had had no experience in eating only one meal a day. I could not tell anyone I was hungry, so I drank lots of water and went to the mountains to pick wild berries to fill my stomach.

"Mero," I said, "I am hungry today just as you are."

When the sun went down that evening the old man of the village came to our house. With him were two young men.

"I am sorry to say this," said the old man, "but we have come to kill the dog. It is not only my idea, but also everyone else's."

My eyes opened wide. "Listen,

grandfather!" I cried. "You are really going to kill my dog? Mero is a member of our family, so what you are saying is you are going to kill one of my family! This is not an ordinary dog! She is like a person! She is my friend, my playmate."

"Listen, young student," said the old man. "Even if you say the dog is a member of your family, a dog is still a dog. Also we have noticed she does not find food for herself like other dogs. She has not eaten for three days. Soon she will go crazy and begin to bite people in our village. Then what are you going to do about that?"

The old man pointed at Mero with his stick. Mero jumped up quickly and growled.

"Look at that!" the old man shouted. "I did not even touch her, but she growled as if to bite me!"

He turned to me. "Young student, if you don't want us to kill the dog you had better leave this village with her before she attacks someone!"

"Grandfather," I said, "she growled because you pointed at her and spoke with a loud voice. She was frightened. Mero would not attack anyone unless she was commanded to do so."

"She will attack someone!" the old man said. "When dogs starve they go mad and bite!" He became still more angry. "I do not understand how you can keep a dog in this world when we do not have enough food for human beings!"

My mother spoke: "Jong Yong," she said, "it is the same thing whether we let Mero die from hunger or whether we let her be killed."

"Mother!" I said. "How can you talk like that? If the people in the vil-



lage do not like Mero and try to kill her, then I will leave the village!"

The old man laughed harshly. "And where will you go?" he asked. "It does not matter where you go now, there is not enough food even for man."

"Nois," said my mother, addressing the old man, "I am a woman who has many children, and even to a dog I do not like to do cruel things. But the world has changed. You may kill the dog."

Even as she spoke I could see tears in my mother's eyes.

"Don't just say, 'Go ahead and kill the dog,'" the old man said. "If you really mean to let us kill the dog you must arrange it for us."

"What do you mean 'arrange'?" I said loudly. "Do you want me to kill my own dog?"

"No," he said. "We will kill the dog. But we must ask you to tie her or hold her. If we attack when she is free she is very likely to kill one of us."

I could find no words to say.

He spoke again. "Listen, young student, your mother says to let us kill the dog before she becomes mad. So let us take the dog up the mountain. We will kill the dog. You do not have to worry."

Mero came and stood beside me, watching the old man and the two younger men with the sticks in their hands.

"Mero," I said, stroking her head. Mero waved her tail.

"We had better hurry," the old man said. "We are busy men. We cannot stay here all day long."

I gave Mero a little piece of *ddwek*, rice bread, which I put on the ground in front of her. In spite of her great

hunger, she awaited the command.

"*Mogo*, Mero," I said.

She ate the tiny piece of *ddwek*.

I could not help the tears falling from my eyes. "It is probably the last meal you can have in this world, Mero," I said. My grief was terrible to make the decision to kill my friend Mero, who had played with me every day for three years.

"*Nois!*" I cried to the old man. "Are you a man of tears and blood? If so, you cannot ask me to kill my friend."

"I know it is a very sad thing for you," he said. "I do not like to do this. But I am only trying to do what is for the good of everyone."

I called Mero and began slowly walking up the mountain which we had climbed every morning for the last three days. Already the insects had begun their song of night, and over the western mountains there was a cloud dyed red by the evening glow.

I walked slowly, because as soon as we reached the top of the mountain Mero would be killed by the men who followed us with big sticks in their hands.

"Mero," I said, "why weren't you born the dog of a rich and powerful master? If so, you might have gone for refuge to some safer place than this and played with your master as before."

My legs would not walk any more. "Now," I said, "you must be killed today, because you had a weak and poor master like me."

I sat down beside the narrow path and stroked Mero's head, and I wept. Mero waited, wagging her big tail from side to side. She licked my cheek with her tongue, as if to ask, "What is wrong with you?"

I could not stop weeping. "Mero! My friend Mero?"

"Come on now," said the old man.

"Let us go up."

I did not move.

"Make your mind strong," he said,

"and just go up."

And so we reached the top of the mountain.

Ordering Mero to sit down, I cut a few branches from the trees, and with the branches I made a small square around her. Then I took a stone and tied my handkerchief around it to make a bundle. I threw the bundle inside the square and gave Mero the command to stand guard over it.

Then I ran down the mountain path like a bird. I could not stay to see Mero killed by the young men.

I knew that Mero would never leave the bundle. I knew also she would not let anyone step inside the square I had made around her. But I had made the square very small so that the men could hit Mero's head with their big sticks without stepping inside the square.

When I ran down the path Mero did not even try to move from the position in which I had commanded her to stay. How would Mero cry out to me at the moment in which she was dying? Would she accuse me of letting her be killed, she who had been my best friend for three years, for all of her life?

That evening all the members of my family showed tears, and all prayed that Mero's soul would go to a peaceful place.

"I will never keep a dog again as long as I live," said my mother, wiping her eyes.

Go in peace, friend Mero. (END)





VEST-POCKET MASTER OF SIX-POCKET BILLIARDS

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

Willie Mosconi, world's best pool player, goes after his 12th title this month and he is understandably worried. He is so good he has run out of competition

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR GRAY



WILLIE MOSCONI, the genius on the opposite page, probably is the greatest pool player who ever lived. One could say it unequivocally except for the immortal Ralph Greenleaf, the Bobby Jones of pool, who in his prime was unbeatable and who held the world's championship 13 times. Mosconi so far has won it only 11 times. But, like most sports, pool has improved since the legendary golden age, which Greenleaf adorned along with Jones, Dempsey and Ruth. Today few of Greenleaf's records remain: Mosconi has beaten almost all of them and—barring occupational disasters, such as bursitis of the right elbow or arthritis of the left thumb—seems likely to go on to beat the longevity record as well.

Having defended the title in a challenge match with Joe Procita only last January, he is preparing to put it on the line again a few weeks from now in Philadelphia against the whole field of leading players. No one can say that he will win, for pool is a game not only of skill but of psychology, and a nuance of emotion might make the difference. But in the nation's pool parlors, where sportsmen are accustomed to back their opinions with bets, the odds are running 3 to 1 on Mosconi on form.

As a matter of fact it is not competition that causes Mosconi to worry these days, but the lack of it. Very few new players of real stature have come up in the last 10 years or so, and Mosconi finds himself perpetually matched against a few familiar top-seeded veterans, which is bad for the game and hence for him. Perhaps his own excellence has something to do with this: why try, the argument runs, when nobody has a chance against the champion? But serious students of pool know there is a deeper cause, or rather a complex of causes: the baneful growth of outdoor sports, the rise of bowling as the chief indoor sport, the invention first of radio and then of television, even the easier relationship between the sexes—such things have progressively lured young men from the pool halls and thus from the opportunity to improve their game.

Thirty years ago, for instance—according to a contemporary source—the Brunswick-Balke-Clender Co., the General Motors of pool and carom billiards, each year needed the tusks of 3,500 elephants, a whole forest, a whole slate

quarry, several mills and thousands of men to supply the demand for balls, cues and tables. There were an estimated 80,000 rooms in those days, frequented by 3,000,000 players who played on the average 5,000,000 games a day. The 400,000 tables (mostly pool) then in use would have stretched from New York to Chicago, if anyone could have spared them. Now, according to BBC, there are only 43,000 rooms and about 164,000 tables, of which two thirds are pool and the rest carom billiards and snooker. How many players remain nobody knows, but obviously there aren't as many as there used to be.

To the reasons cited there must be added another, and it is one that arouses in Mosconi a sense of wounded indignation. "It's supposed to be a bum's game," he says. "Notice every gangster movie—they all show a bunch of thugs hanging around a poolroom, plotting what job they're going to pull next." Just how this misconception started is hard for pool players to imagine, but it has been current for a long time. Even more inexplicably, carom billiards has always been considered a "gentlemen's game." As a result, the industry has been trying for decades to get players and room operators to refer to pocket billiards instead of pool.

Back in the 1920s, when the game was advertised as "good for the brain and stomach, fig." *The Billiard Reporter* wrote, with perhaps more confidence than it felt, of "The game of pocket billiards, formerly known generally as pool,



MOSCONI THE MASTER shows his form with this trick shot, diagramed at left. With the "object ball" (striped) blocked by a cluster of other balls, he hits the cue ball (black) with a sharp downward stroke and sends it toward the object ball. The cue ball's downward impact upspin to the object ball, which hops over the cluster and proceeds diagonally toward the corner pocket. Impact makes cue ball jump high into the air, as seen in picture at right. It then bounces, caroms and returns to shooting position.

continued on page 65





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A Rascal In Fur

Trouble-making raccoons are raiding peaceful citizens again, tipping garbage pails and short-circuiting communities with their high jinks on power lines

by JOHN O'REILLY

EVERYWHERE I go nowadays I am pestered by raccoons. Not only have I been pestered but I've been outsmarted, duped, robbed and scared seven-eighths out of my wits. But despite all I have suffered, I still have a tender spot in my heart for these masked footpads of the animal world. To me the raccoon is like Raffles, the famous cracksmen of fiction, a cunning thief with an ingratiating personality.

Consider what happened to last summer's corn crop. I planted five varieties of sweet corn designed to mature over a long period. For once I was going to have my fill of those delicious ears. But the corn I got wasn't enough to put in a popular song. Just as soon as it started to ripen coons sneaked in under cover of darkness and ate the ears as fast as they developed. They would strip the ears from the stalks and devour them, leaving only the denuded cob with a rosette of shucks at the base. I tried to get to the ripening ears before they did but rarely succeeded. I found many ears with little slits in the shucks where the coons had pried them open to learn whether they were just right. I didn't have time to test the ears one by one, but the coons did.

And what happened to my bantam chickens that disappeared at night? I haven't proof but I've got evidence. Who steals the frogs out of my pond? Don't think for a minute that it's Willie Sutton.

Last winter I went to Florida to get away from it all. The way it turned

out, I've never seen so many coons in my life. They even operate in the daytime down there. One night, while staying with a friend, we were awakened by a hideous racket. It sounded like a full-scale battle was in progress in the moonlit front yard. But it turned out to be three raccoons who were fighting over a tin bucket in which there had been some fish. They were kicking the bucket around and knocking it against the legs of a yard table. We routed the marauders, but the incident didn't do our nerves any good nor did it promote sleep.

For a while I had the feeling that I had been singled out as the special victim of the entire race of raccoons. Then I discovered that my neighbors were in trouble, too. One nearby resident who had been bothered with first a beehive and then an army of squirrels in his attic began to hear sounds of larger game aloft. He discovered that he was host to a family of coons who gained access to the attic by climbing a tree and jumping to a window he had left open for ventilation. A tolerant man, he lived with them all summer.

Another neighbor was not so tolerant. He discovered that some shingles were missing from his roof and that a coon was going in and out of the hole. Knowing coons to be nocturnal, he had a carpenter repair the hole at night while the coon was out. The next morning some more shingles had been torn off and there was another hole. This happened three times before he found out that it was a mother coon and that she had three young ones in the attic. They had to tear still another hole in the roof to dispossess the family.

These and numerous other instances of raccoon misbehavior led me farther afield. I learned that across the Delaware River in New Jersey a man hap-

pened to be looking out of his window at 2 o'clock in the morning when he saw a brilliant flash from the top of a nearby high-tension wire tower. As he described it, the flash was followed by a ball of greenish fire which dropped to the ground. A brush fire started, the man telephoned an alarm and 16 members of the local volunteer fire department were routed from their beds to put out the fire. When the excitement was over a search revealed the singed carcass of a coon beside the tower.

I discovered that this same sort of thing is going on over most of the country. In Memphis, Tenn., a coon got into a television set. At Castleton-on-Hudson, N.Y., a coon short-circuited a high-tension wire and left 1,200 homes without electric power for half an hour. High-tension poles seem to have a fascination for them. A newspaper account told of a pair of coons who were courting on high-tension wires in Iowa when they set off a blast of 6,600 volts of alternating current. The account explained that one coon was sitting on one wire and the other coon on another wire when they rubbed noses and closed the circuit with the resulting tragedy. This, no doubt, is apocryphal but two dead coons were found.

This activity about the country is not surprising since the raccoon appears to be increasing throughout most of its range, which includes all of the United States except the high mountains and deserts of the West. Now that spring is here, one is apt to see him, after a night of marauding, sprawled out on a limb of a big tree sunbathing. He lies there soaking up the sunshine and if you disturb him he looks down at you with an expression of tolerant indulgence on that comical face with its black robber's mask. It's hard to stay mad at a critter like that.

END

A CURIOUS COON peeks from his den in a hollow tree. Though primarily nocturnal, raccoons nevertheless love to spend hours of sun-bathing aloft after a night of diligent adventuring.



AT 155 MPH ON THE TEST STRIP, THE CHRYSLER 300 STILL HAD POWER LEFT FOR PLENTY MORE AND RODE AS STEADILY AS A ROCK

A husky and handsome machine gets the jump on the industry by combining the highest power rating with the performance of a true sporting automobile

by JOHN BENTLEY

SOONER or later someone was bound to get the jump on the industry with "the highest powered car in America." The question was not so much by what margin of horses the leader would top its rivals but in what kind of car such an engine would be found. I must confess to a sense of relief that Chrysler flexed its muscles. Whatever may be said of past styling errors, this is one firm with an enviable reputation for finely engineered automobiles of massive strength. Such is the new 300 hp Chrysler, a husky and handsome machine of sober elegance, which I recently tested in Detroit.

According to Mr. E. M. Braden, general sales manager, Chrysler Division, motor sports enthusiasts have been asking Chrysler for such a car ever since the introduction of the Fire Power V8 engine in 1951. What they wanted was a "ground-hugging hard-top . . . with many sports car characteristics," including "a modified Fire Power engine like those used at the Le Mans and Watkins Glen road races, and a simple unadorned exterior."

Well, they have got it. Although Chrysler engineers were politely evasive on whether they patterned the 300 dual carburetor manifold to that of the Cunningham, I have never driven a car that reminded me so much of the famous C4R of that name. It has the same feeling of immense latent "oomph," the same relatively soft yet deceptively stable suspension;

much the same positiveness of steering with a brisk self-centering action (but no power gimmicks)—although the ratio could be raised with some benefit. Because of the PowerFlite transmission, racing camshaft and compromise gear ratio, the low speed acceleration falls a little short of lightning; but in the middle and upper ranges the 300 really scores.

Your seat behind the wheel of the 300 is good—straight backed, fairly high, with the gracefully dropped hood and both front fenders clearly in view through a sweepingly curved windshield with 1,094 square inches of glass. The bench-type front seat, upholstered (like the rest of the interior) in fine quality brown hide, holds three comfortably and is manually adjustable so that it rises as it goes forward. Yet, at

maximum elevation, there are still 43½ inches of head clearance—remarkable considering the car's modest height of 60.1 inches.

As with other Chrysler products, the PowerFlite shift lever of the 300 is on the dashboard. In Drive, the normal upshift point from low to high ratio is about 17 mph, but if you tramp down the accelerator for a scot get-away, you can delay the automatic upshift to 65 mph. The PowerFlite downshifts itself at between 14 and 17 mph in absolute silence, without even a click.

"Low," explained Chrysler engineer Chester Garbatz, "is simply Drive with the upper ratio locked out. Set it in Low and see what the maximum speed is." I tried it and the speedometer indicated over 80 mph before valve crash set in. Incidentally the speedometer of the 300 goes up 15 mph at a clip and the subdivisions are hard to read. And there is no tachometer, which seems a real sin of omission in a sporting automobile with a price tag near \$5,000.

A relatively modest claim of "about" 120 mph is made for the 300, but the car will do better than that. I twice hit an indicated 115 mph on a test strip and there was enough throttle left. The machine was rock-steady in the true sports car sense and the special thumb grips provided at nine and three o'clock on the steering wheel made good sense.

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration through gears	
(Low) 0-30 mph:	4.0 sec.
(Low) 0-60 mph:	9.5 sec.
(Low) 0-75 mph:	12.8 sec.
(Drive to Low) 30-60 mph:	3.8 sec.
Maximum speed obtained	115 mph
Maximum speed (estimated @ 5,200 rpm)	130 mph
Brake test (concrete surface): From 30 mph:	
32 ft. 3 in.	
Gas consumption (including heavy traffic and all tests):	
8.95 mpg	
Weather: clear & cold; 37° F; wind SW @ 13 mph.	
Speedometer correction: At 60 mph read 63 mph; 5% fast.	

In addition to the special intake manifold, camshaft and dual exhaust, the engine has solid valve lifters in place of the conventional hydraulic tappets. This model also features modified rocker gear, higher compression, stiffer road springs and heavy duty shock absorbers. Yet the 300 is a true six-passenger car of 126-inch wheelbase, with plenty of leg room in the back—11½ inches from the rear seat edge to the front seat back—and an imposing trunk with 43 cubic feet of usable space. The Chrysler power brakes are the best I've yet encountered. Pedal pressure is light, but even in a panic stop action is progressive and not dangerously instantaneous.

The test car was finished in light cream (called "Platinum White") with brown leather and black carpets, but buyers will have a choice of gray, red or black exterior. Chrome wire wheels are optional equipment, but I am happy to report the 300 has no hood ornament and you can't buy one, even as an extra.

The Chrysler 300 Hardtop Coupe is a prime example of Detroit's new-born interest in sporting automobiles and every part of it bespeaks high-grade workmanship. At less than \$5,000, this car has a definite place on the market. It yields nothing of luxurious comfort, roominess and practicability to other models in its price bracket, and may well outsell them on the score of performance. (END)

SPECIFICATIONS

engine & chassis

No. of cylinders	V8
Bore	3.81 in.
Stroke	3.63 in.
Displacement	331.1 cu. in.
Compression ratio	8.5:1
Maximum output	300 bhp @ 5,200 rpm
Bore-stroke ratio	1.05
Bhp per cu. in.	.90
Valves	Overhead pushrod
Carburetors	Twin Carter 4-barrel downdraft, Type WCFB
Transmission	PowerFlite 2-speed (Torque Converter & Gearbox)
Over-all ratios	Low: 6.08 Drive: 3.34
Rear axle ratio	3.24
Piston speed @ 5,200 rpm	3,146 fpm
Maximum torque	(@ 3,200 to 3,600 rpm) 345 lbs.-ft.
Mph per 1,000 rpm (Drive)	24.9
Weight (cur tested)	4,740 lbs.
Power/weight ratio	14.46 lbs./bhp
Turning diameter	43 ft. 10½ in.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	5.5
Tire size	8.00x15
Brake lining area	201 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	20

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MY ONCE-TIMID WIFE BECAME A VERITABLE VIKING.

It crops up in your engine, says SI's Sunday Pilot, when you realize there's no place to land. Happily, it also affects Viking-minded wives

by **BILL MAULDIN**

MY WIFE, who is the mother of four children and has no independent income of her own, at first regarded my amateur piloting with more tolerance than enthusiasm. Oh, Natalie would go along on trips and hold the maps sometimes; she thought clouds were nature's poetry; she agreed that flying was cheaper, smoother and faster than traveling by car. But that was about all. Then one fine summer she took a long trip around the U.S. with me and I wrote a magazine piece about it, starring her. For some reason this caused a woman in Bismarck, N.D., a total stranger, to send Natalie an old book of memoirs by Mrs. Ann Morrow Lindbergh, the wife of one of my fellow aviators.

Mrs. Lindbergh apparently pushes an eloquent pen. A new spirit entered our household. Recently I was encouraged to replace my clanking, independent-minded old Ercoupe with a new Piper

Tri-Pacer, "... in the interests of speed, range and gross loading capacity," as Natalie put it.

"You mean seating space for the kids," I said.

"No, I mean how much it can carry," she said. "Ask them at the factory about taking out the back seat and putting in a big gas tank. I'd love for us to fly over the ocean together and look for something weird and worthwhile on the other side."

She knew how I felt about single-engine airplanes over water, and had seen me pick the narrowest crossing over even such a placid duckpond as Long Island Sound. But she also knew I'd go to great lengths to keep up her new-found interest. So we ended with a compromise: while I went to pick up the plane (with back seat intact), she'd study the atlas and find us a reasonably handy destination which involved navigating a body of water somewhat

tidier in size than the Atlantic Ocean. She said as long as we would be out of sight of land at some point en route she'd be satisfied. I suggested the Mississippi on a hazy day, but she finally decided on the Isle of Pines, a little place south of Cuba.

"It used to be a pirate bangout and it has solid marble mountains," she told me.

"Um," I said. "About a hundred miles open water from Key West to Havana. 50-odd miles more water from the south coast on..." and I got out the computer and started figuring altitudes and rates of descent.

"The Isle of Pines inspired both *Treasure Island* and *The Gold-Bug*."

"I don't want to go higher than 12,000 feet without oxygen," I said, "which ought to give us around 15 miles gliding radius. That leaves 70 of the big stretch..."

Her eyes flashed contemptuously.

"The whole route will be cluttered with fishermen and pleasure boats," she said. "Besides, we've got radio. Charles didn't even have radio most of the time."

"I was only thinking of your children," I said lamely. It is one thing for a wife to share her husband's hobbies; another for her to grab the ball and run with it.

TO BEAT OFF THE BARRACUDA

She was furious when I made her put on a rented Mae West before we jumped off from Florida. The web straps bunched her skirt up between her knees and made her feel silly. She joined the airport loungers in a smirk when I told the radio people I would call in at 15-minute intervals, and when I circled Key West for a while to gain altitude before striking out across that endless-looking water, she let it be clearly known that it was her impression that our destination was 197° south, not 90° straight up. She then retired behind a fat copy of *Harper's Bazaar*, explaining that she'd brought it along to roll up and beat the barracuda off me in case we went into the drink.

We got on course and flew along in bitter silence for a while, still climbing, and then some patches of sparkling cumulus cloud which appeared below enticed her from the magazine and restored her good humor. I was grateful to the clouds for hiding some of the water.

"How far have we gone?" she asked at length.

"About a third of the way."

continued on page 44



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A-4

FLYING continued

"You couldn't make Key West now if the engine quit?"

"If you keep 'em serviced, and mind your pre-flight checks, light-plane engines don't quit these days. But I wish to hell you wouldn't bring it up. No, we couldn't make Key West."

"Then," she breathed rapturously, "we have passed The Point of No Return!"

"Not even Charles' wife would say a cornball thing like that," I snorted.

That drove her back into her corner. I tuned in the Omni station at Key West to correct our heading, and was checking with the man for the latest weather sequence, when Natalie told me to turn the radio off.

"I wish you'd listen to the engine," she said. "It's sort of skipping in a funny way. Not skipping, exactly, but it sounds different. And the oil gauge is shivering the least little bit. It never did that before."

A SUEBLE GRINDING

She was right. This is a phenomenon known in single-engine flying circles as "Automatic Rough." A subtle, grinding, coughing, spluttering sort of thing, accompanied by ominous little shakings in the instruments, it is frequently brought on by the engine's breathing the air over rugged mountains, slimy swamps, or wide, deep bodies of water. Adjusting the fuel mixture or applying carburetor heat only aggravates the condition; the only sure cure is the air encountered over more hospitable terrain, where there are plenty of places to land safely. Some scoffers might say Automatic Rough is purely a mental condition, that air is air wherever you are. But us Sunday Pilots know better.

"By golly, it's good to see you paying attention to these things," I said, trying to show pleasure without delight.

Another interesting thing happened soon after. At our airspeed, Havana should have been an easy hour from Key West, and by now the coast should have been in sight. But it wasn't, and I knew why. If Natalie had been listening to the radio, instead of to the engine, she'd have known also. We were bucking a stiff headwind. So it came about that after she'd studied the vibrations long enough to decide that after all there was a fair chance of the engine holding together until we made landfall, she looked up ahead and her eyes got wide.

She glanced at me, back at the water, at me again; I kept my peace and made a big production out of twid-

dling radio knobs in a confused sort of way.

"I guess Cuba is a pretty small dot in all that ocean," she said.

I nodded and went on twiddling. I was merciless.

MASTER AGAIN

"I suppose you could miss it. How much gas have we got?" Her Viking helmet was slipping badly.

"They say you can see the Andes from hundreds of miles on a clear day," I said. "We'll hold our course and see what pope up."

"Oh, come on, now. Where does the radio say we are?"

"Glad we wore Mae Wests?"

"I think it was very foresighted of you to rent them." She put her head on my shoulder, just like when we drove cars. "Please find Cuba," she implored.

"Land ho!" I cried, master in my own house again, and we began the long letdown for Havana, where swarms of customs officials descended upon us as if we'd been a DC-7, exacted tribute in the form of landing fees, and cleared us to the Isle of Pines. We had a fine time down there, and for the flight back I bought a machete, ostensibly as a souvenir. But Natalie knew it was to fight off the monsters of the deep, and she didn't say a word about it.

(END)

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY-FOUR years ago this week Keute Rockne, en route to Los Angeles to make a motion picture, died in a tragic airplane crash near Bazaar, Kan. With his death football lost a witty wizard who as head coach for twelve years (1918-30) had guided Notre Dame to 105 victories as against only 12 defeats. Rockne's teams were undefeated and untied throughout 1929 and 1930—his last two seasons of coaching.

SPORTS HATS ILLUSTRATED

(and described)

by Bart Lee



Looking for adventure? Here's a hat that can take you straight from a business conference to a polo match in unfading good taste. The Lee Adventure is a classic pinch-front snap brim that's as relaxed anywhere as its well-smoked Meerschaum color. It's America's most popular hat, \$10.



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HOT TIME



When the Prince of Wales appeared on the Riviera in 1923 in a polo shirt, men's fashion reporters, who followed him everywhere he went, called it a major sartorial event. Before this time there had been no such thing as a sport shirt as we know it. There were shirts—such as the polo shirt—designed for specific sports, but there was

no difference between the shirt a man wore to his office and the one he wore at his ease. Since this beginning, sport shirt sales have picked up to outstrip business shirts 2-to-1 in the average man's wardrobe. And this year the knitted shirt looks like the hottest item on the sportswear counter. Influenced by such continental shirts as the

French matelot (sailor's) and the English tennis shirt, designs are more varied and attractive than ever before. Also, in the last three years such stabilizing processes as Redmanizing and Cyana have been developed to prevent faults like stretching and shrinking.

Illustrated from left to right above are 11 of the newest knitted sport

IN KNITTED SHIRTS

The knitted sport shirt—launched on the Riviera in 1923

by the Prince of Wales—will be everywhere under the sun this year,

shrinkproofed, stretchproofed, ablaze with stripes



ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE JACOB

shirts, available in stores from coast to coast.

1. An imported cotton knit, blue-and-white stripes with red trim, by Mirsa of Italy, about \$12.

2. Traditional polo shirt with long placket, short collar by Activair, \$5.95.

3. The Piccolino, a striped shirt of combed cotton, by McGregor, \$2.95.

4. The Rapallo, a striped matelot with push-up sleeves, by McGregor, \$5.

5. A brushed-cotton shirt in vertical stripes, by Arrow, \$3.95.

6. A new version of the Chemise Lacoste—in two colors, a perfect golf and active sports shirt, by Izod, \$8.

7. A Sam Sneed-designed mesh-knit golf shirt by Merrill-Sharpe, \$5.50.

8. Crew shirt in striped cotton tricot knit with red trim, by Catalina, \$4.95.

9. A striped T-shirt, by Jantzen, \$2.95.

10. A buttonless-collared shirt in multi-colored stripes, designed by Magi of Italy for Van Heusen, \$3.95.

11. A knitted wool revival of the 1920s bathing suit top by Gantner, \$5.

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

In St. Pete, Eddie Stanky tells Furman Bisher (right): "I've got no problems—just concerns"



SEEK that little mound of dirt out there with the rubber in the middle?" said Eddie Stanky. "That's my concern. I don't have any problems, just concerns. And that's my big concern, right out there."

Just a couple of days before, four of Stanky's St. Louis Cardinal recruits had insulted the New York Yankees with one hit. "And it was a pretty cheap hit, too," he snarled.

The next day, two more apprentices and Tom Poholsky, restrained the Yankees to one run. This should be enough to give the dandy little manager the right to be cheerful.

"I can barely crack a smile now," he said. "Come back next week. If I'm grinning from ear to ear, I've found the pitching I'm looking for."

The other day some mathematicians figured that Stanky's Cardinals lost "about 30 games" after the seventh inning last season. In the end, the Cards finished sixth, which wasn't in line with administration policy at Anheuser-Busch. Hurriedly the Cardinals then hit off a deal with Cincinnati, surrendered third baseman Ray Jablonski, a 100-RBI man, and Gerry Staley, a fallen pitching angel, for Frank Smith. Smith's specialty is saving ball games that appear to be in quivering hands. He's big, strong and comes equipped with one of those rubber arms. Among National League relief pitchers, he's ranked only by Hoyt Wilhelm of the Giants.

"We had to give up a lot to get what we needed," Stanky said, "but I look at it this way: if Jablonski hits .350 and Staley wins 15 games for Cincinnati and we win the pennant, we're ahead on the deal. Any time you give up a player like Jablonski, you're strengthening another team, but that's a risk we had to take."

The truth of the matter is, this is right smart of a critical season for Stanky. He finished third his first two spins with the Cardinals. The drop to sixth last season was totally unexpected. Thus the season of '55 is approached with clenched fists and gritted teeth, for another second-division race could

leave Gussie Busch and the stockholders extremely unhappy.

A stranger named Floyd Woodbridge damaged the Yankees severely in that opening-day one-hitter. Sixteen months ago Woodbridge was seriously injured in an automobile crash. They said he'd never walk again, and it's true that he can't cover first as he should with his game leg. But from what they've seen of him, Woodbridge is a major league pitcher. They like, too, Luis Arroyo, the squat Puerto Rican with whom Atlanta became acquainted in the Dixie Series, Larry Jackson, 12-6 at Rochester, Herb Moford, 17-14 at Columbus, Ohio, and two relief prospects, Bobby Tiefenauer, a Houston graduate, and 23-year-old Barney Schultz, 11 years reaching the majors.

WHO YOU GOT TO BEAT?

"Figure this as my nucleus," Stanky said, "Harvey Haddix, Brooks Lawrence, Gordon Jones and Tom Poholsky as starters, and Frank Smith in the bullpen. Now, suppose I get some other relievers from Bobby Tiefenauer, Barney Schultz, Joe Presko, Herb Moford or Tony Jacobs. That Jacobs, you can't forget him. He won 25 games in two seasons at Rochester, all in relief. I'm figuring on Woodbridge or Jackson as possible starters."

"Figure it that way and we're not a pushover. Who you got to beat? Brooklyn, the Giants and Milwaukee. We're in the same boat with Cincinnati. It's up to our pitching."

Gordon Jones is a sports-pages sleeper. The Cards imported him from Omaha last season and he finished 4-4. With Stanky he rates kudos. "I like the kid. He's a control specialist. He walked just 19 men in 81 innings last year. He's on the varsity."

A year ago, tourists visiting with the Cardinals came to look at Tom Alston, the 6-foot-6 Negro first baseman who cost \$10,000, and Wally Moon, who showed up without an invitation. Moon became the rookie of the year and Alston became the first baseman at Rochester.

Alston is back now and in a bloody

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hassle with Joe Cunningham about first base. Cunningham hits like a blacksmith, but he also owns a reputation for fielding like one. Alston, now, rates with Stanky as "one of the greatest glove men I ever saw." It doesn't make a heap of difference who wins, so long as he hits .350 and drives in 120 runs.

Moon, after one year, enjoys the rating as a fixture. This hatchet-faced Arkansan regards his spectacular break-in year as no particular phenomenon, but he does speak with pride of driving in 76 runs as a leadoff man.

Ken Boyer, appointed to succeed Jablonski, has been working at shortstop. This is to allow some inspection of kids Ronnie Plaza and Gerry Thomas at third. Boyer will be the third baseman and smooth Alex Grammas, the Birmingham candyman, is the shortstop. Stanky subscribes heavily to him in the field.

Two outfielders who led leagues in hitting showed up this spring wearing glasses, Harry Elliott, in from San Diego, and Bill Virdon, up from Rochester. Musial, who has the steadiest job in the National League ("I'll take a real emergency for me to bring him in to first base"), Moon and Rip Repulski now run the outfield. Joe Frazier pinch-hit .323 last season, better than Dusty Rhodes.

But Elliott, once a Minnesota football star, has them fascinated with his bat. Virdon is a big leaguer now defensively. Both are acting as if they belong in the majors, which incited Stanky to observe:

"I never thought of this before, but maybe I ought to put glasses on my pitchers."

(KNO)

BOXING

THE BENGAL BOUTS

On the campus, boxing is still a sport

by BUDD SCHULBERG



When Columnist Budd Schulberg went to South Bend to accept Notre Dame's boxing award (SI, March 28), he saw something that renewed his hope for the future of the sport. Schulberg's report:

ON an average of once a week some kindly soul comes up to me and lowers this boom: I simply can't understand what you see in boxing. Two men whacking the whay out of each other like a couple of Neanderthals! I think it's brutal and degrading. I'd like to see it abolished.

Next time this little firecracker is tossed in my path, I'm going to say: Go see the Notre Dame Bengal Bouts. You'll see boys battling harder for the University championships than some heavyweights have fought for the championship of the world. You will see contestants beautifully conditioned and boxing under rules of safety precaution that have precluded any serious injury in the quarter-century history of the bouts. Here are boys who will fight their hearts out in the five-day tournament for pride and the pure sport of it. At the finals recently, 4,500 people—twice as many as paid admissions at Madison Square Garden a few

nightslater—roared their approval and shouted on their favorites throughout the rousing 10-match card. They weren't rooting the underdog because they had bet on him and could double their money. This vibrant gathering of undergraduates, faculty, priests and townspeople was as pure as the boxers, and they rocked the field house with applause for both opponents as match after match produced a total absence of clinches, non-stop punching and uncorrupted courage.

"SEE YOU AT THE BOUTS"

Professional boxing has virtually died in New Jersey and many other states where it once flourished. But on the campus at Notre Dame it is a lively, major sport, outdrawing basketball, swimming, baseball and every other activity except King Football. When I spoke to Father Hesburgh, president of the University, at luncheon on the day of the finals, he said, "See you at the bouts tonight," and that was a remark I was to hear throughout the day as I toured the campus from the Rockne Memorial field house to the English classes. Students tipped me off to watch Harry Higa, the defending featherweight champion from Honolulu. And Pat Cannon, a fighting red-headed Irish senior who had been knocking on the door of the middle-weight title for several years.

When I entered the arena the band was playing "When the Saints Come Marching In," and this seemed a happy choice, for proceeds go to support the Holy Cross mission houses in Bengal—hence the name Bengal Bouts.

Boxing has been a popular sport at Notre Dame since 1923, when it was first introduced by Knute Rockne. The association with the Bengal Mission began in 1931 and has been an annual feature of the Notre Dame sports program ever since. On the Notre Dame campus they credit a quietly vigorous and purposeful, fatherly little man, Dominic "Nappy" Napolitano, with having established the ideal atmosphere of sportsmanship, safety and

continued on page 50



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BOXING continued from page 49

lack of any commercial talent for these bouts. Nappy went to Notre Dame from Pleasantville, New York in the late 20s, boxed there as a featherweight, fell in love with the campus, and—except for a three-year hitch as boxing instructor for the Navy—has lived and taught there ever since. Each year, some three months before the Bengal Bouts, 15 to 200 boys, many of whom have never had a glove on, put themselves in Nappy's hands to prepare them for the tournament that winds up the eve of St. Patrick's Day.

Throughout the training period it is no exaggeration to say that Nappy worries about the welfare of each contestant with the personal concern of a father. He sees that they do their two-mile roadwork each day, their calisthenics, he instructs each boy personally and supervises their daily workouts with each other. By the time they are ready to enter the ring the second week of March they have trained as carefully, as intensely and as long as Rocky Marciano prepares for a defense of his title.

THE PUREST CONTEST

But Rocky's fights and the ones Nappy Napolitano directs are worlds apart. No Bengal Bouter is allowed to take the kind of punishment Ezzard Charles absorbed from Rocky last summer. Through Nappy's advice, the padding on the ring floor is two inches thick and the referee is instructed to stop a bout the moment an opponent is dazed and in danger of being hit at will. "This is a contest, like any other sport," Napolitano says. "In a sense it is the purest contest we have. When it ceases to be that, stop it. Don't let the boy get hurt."

Out at Notre Dame this stocky, paternal little fellow Nappy, the genial coach and director for the bouts; the handball champ, philosophical Father Tom Brennan; the campus Knights of Columbus chapter which sponsors the bouts; and the boys who keep punching from bell to bell can show you what boxing can be like at its honest best. They have never lost sight of the fact that boxing, for all its seamy, nether side, is a great, basic and undeniable competitive sport.

Best fight—or fights—of the current week: the NCAA championships at Pocatello, Idaho, with 17 schools and 62 boxers entered; and the Golden Gloves Intercity matches at Chicago. No television, worse luck. (EN 6)

BOATING

TRIAL BY WATER

The sleek Century Coronado is handsome—and does, too

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

The prettiest boat in a boat show actually is only as good as she is in the water. Here *SI* Boating Columnist Robert N. Bavier Jr. puts the new Coronado through a Florida test:

HER mahogany topsides glowing under many coats of carefully applied and rubbed varnish, offset by white two-toning, gleaming chrome, a curved wrap-around windshield, a Landau removable top, and a striking interior of red-and-white vinyl, the Century Coronado, as viewed on boat-show floors across the nation, looked like an artist's dream come true. She seemed almost too beautiful, too perishable to allow her to get wet, to become defiled by salt spray. Experienced boatmen were heard to mutter: "Looks like a damn sports car without wheels." Many questioned her seagoing ability.

For doubters the Coronado herself had a strong rejoinder. With a specially carbureted 285 hp Connell Cadillac engine, she had led the way in the rough water of the Around-Miami-Beach race on December 26 and had followed this triumph four days later with another win in the nine-hour Endurance Marathon, co-feature of the Orange Bowl Regatta.

Since the only way to really learn about a boat is by trying her out, and because Coronado's appearance and advance billing had made me itchy to put her through her paces, I flew to Miami for the purpose. Sam Griffith, manager of Enterprise Marine Co.

where she was berthed and co-pilot in her Around-Miami-Beach success, went out with me, ostensibly to answer questions but also, I suspect, to keep a protective eye on her.

Sam eased her out of her slip and we cruised dead slow past moored boats. I was surprised that a boat capable of a top speed of 54 mph could idle so smoothly. We crept along for a couple of hundred yards at about 5 mph—slow enough for most trolling—without choking up. Sam worked her up gradually to 30-35 mph and then 40 mph, a speed at which she can cruise for hours. The motor made a deep-throated but ruffled roar as we skipped over the moderate waves, pounding slightly but in surprising comfort. Then he opened her up and in seconds the tachometer went up to its limit of 5,000 rpm and stuck there. We were exceeding 50 mph which, in a boat, feels like twice that. Vibration? There wasn't any!

Sam slowed down, eased out of the driver's seat and invited me to take over. "Try her acceleration," Sam suggested, so I eased back on the throttle to about 15 mph, then slammed it to the floor. We were pressed back into our seats as the Coronado leapt forward. This time I kept the throttle down. Past 40 mph the Cal Connell Cadillac engine's roar turned to the higher whine characteristic of race boats. She remained easy and light to steer even at top speed.

continued on page 52



THE CORONADO, an extremely fast runabout (up to 54 mph), shown here at top speed, has an over-all length of 21 feet 1 inch, a 7-foot 4-inch beam, and a 21-inch draft.

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"Try a full over turn now," said Sam. "You mean full rudder at full speed?" I questioned. "Sure," Sam replied, "she will love it."

If I didn't know and respect Sam's experience and ability I simply wouldn't have done it. We were exceeding 50 mph, seemed to be hitting only the wave tops and I felt that only a damn fool would give full rudder at that speed. Since Sam said so, however, I spun the wheel as fast as possible and as far as it would go, with the throttle glued to the floor. She banked into the turn, the inboard chine biting in nicely and the other riding high, with no tendency to catch and trip. She skidded very slightly, maintaining almost top speed through the turn. As before, she felt in perfect control throughout.

QUITE SOME BOAT

Backing, she revealed her first weakness, one I had expected since it is inevitable in high-speed, small-rudder boats. She could not be steered in reverse, the stern swinging to port even with the rudder applied to bring it to starboard. The only way to control her in reverse was by short bursts ahead to swing the stern in the desired direction and then backing until another burst ahead was required to combat the inexorable swing to port. While backing, even downwind, spray slopped aboard—another characteristic inevitable in the basic type.

Ashore, with time to think her over, the inescapable conclusion was that the *Century Coronado* is quite some boat—a Cadillac in more than her engine. She is in price too—approximately \$6,500 delivered, complete with a stock 250 hp Cadillac power plant. That struck me as quite steep for a 20-foot boat but an understandable price for such a superbly engineered, styled and built job. The Century Boat Co. of Manistee, Mich., makes other models of about the same size for less than half the price, but the *Coronado* has that something extra which makes many people feel she's a buy at the top price.

Those who derided her as a floating sports car were right on the beam when it came to smartness, speed and sales appeal—they forgot that the *Century Coronado* also seats 10 people, is rugged and surprisingly seaworthy. She may not be your dish, as she was the Shah of Iran's, one of many who have bought one, but her beauty is far more than skin deep.

(END)

HORSES

HIS NAME IS MUD

At Gulfstream, Nashua answered a telephoned question

by WHITNEY TOWER

UNTIL the Florida Derby last Saturday, one of the unanswered questions about Nashua was whether he could run in the mud. Just four hours before the Derby, a short but violent tropical rainstorm hit Gulfstream Park, turning an otherwise heavy surface into a thick slop. There was quite a to-do during the pouring lunch hour over what Nashua's owner, Bill Woodward, might elect to do.

Woodward himself didn't have an easy time making up his mind, so midway through lunch he left the table and put in a call to Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons who had already brought the rest of the Belair string to New York. Sitting in his Sheephead Bay parlor where he was later to view the race on television, Mr. Fitz heard Bill Woodward describe the slop over 1,000 miles away. Then he gave a clear and definite answer: "We'll run him the way he is—without stickers" (stickers are mud cakes enabling a horse to keep a better footing in the mud). Later, however, the Woodward board of strategy, including John Fitzsimmons, acting Trainer Bart Sweeney and Jockey Eddie Arcaro, met again. Arcaro had gotten the feel of the track during the fourth race and he noticed his mount slipping a bit. On his advice, Nashua was equipped, at the last moment, with calks on his front legs.

Just before saddling up, Arcaro was asked whether he thought Nashua could run in the mud or not. "This is the place we're going to find out," was his reply. "And I'd just as soon put him through that trial in a \$100,000 race as in a \$5,000 race." Everybody, including Arcaro, now knows that yes, Nashua is as brilliant in the mud as he is out of it.

THE PRICE IS SHORT

It was pretty obvious all around last week that Nashua literally "made" this fourth running of the Florida Derby. Wherever a horse with his magnetic appeal is entered he is going to draw huge crowds regardless of the caliber of the opposition, the weather or what. Nashua, in the space of less than one year, has already attained a trackside and television following approaching the hero worship that the American public last associated with Native Dancer. Furthermore, barring mishaps in the weeks ahead, this remarkable bay seems destined to become one of the shortest price favorites in the history of the Kentucky Derby next month. He has already made some notable history that give indications that he may eclipse Citation's record money-earning total of \$1,085,760. With the \$100,000 earned in the Florida Derby,



"Pass!"



GULFSTREAM BOSS. James Donn, is as pleased as Mrs. Woodward after race.

Nashua's earnings now total an amazing \$402,340, which hoists him into 24th position on the alltime winning list and is also more money than any horse in history ever won in the same comparative stage of his career.

All this has come to him before the Triple Crown events and before any of the rich New York fixtures, including the Wood Memorial to be contested at still another \$100,000 at Jamaica on April 23. Owner Woodward will reserve judgment for a while on Nashua's next engagement. "We want to win the Kentucky Derby very much," he says. "And to be sure we're ready for it, Nashua may pass up the Wood if Summer Tan runs in it. There would be no point in having Nashua kill himself two weeks before the Derby."

Florida Derby Day at Gulfstream was not entirely Nashua's day. More properly it might have been called Carnival Day, for probably no race in history has been preceded by more fanfare, buildup and pre-race festivities. Gulfstream opened its gates at 9 a.m., more than four hours before the first race and almost eight hours before the Derby itself. Early arrivals might well have wondered for a moment if they hadn't strolled into a state fair. There was music from a dance orchestra and from the University of Miami band. There were also a parade of state flags, trick riding exhibitions, baton twirling and, throughout most of the afternoon following the ill-timed arrival of the rain, water sliding on the infield lake where tiny multicolored sailboats puffed lazily about.

All this gaiety at Gulfstream's biggest day of the year is not just pure coincidence. It is the product of the imagination, ambition and energy of two men who have built Gulfstream into one of America's premier race tracks. The two are track President

James Donn and his chief of staff, Horace Wade. Donn came to the United States from Scotland almost half a century ago and is today recognized as one of the leading authorities on flowers, shrubbery and garden landscaping. (In a step to outdo the pomp at the Kentucky Derby where the winner gets a wreath of roses, Donn awards his Florida Derby winners a wreath of orchids.) He has wisely put most of the management of Gulfstream into the hands of Wade who carries the triple title of racing secretary, director of racing and publicity director. Between them, Donn and Wade have built their Florida Derby into a major race.

SWITCH FOR THE ORCHIDS

One of their aims, and one due for some discussion at the next meeting of the state legislature, is to give Gulfstream patrons a better break on racing dates. The way things stand now, thanks to a state law of several years standing, southern Florida racing dates are granted on the basis of revenue. Thus, Hialeah, which leads in revenue, always grabs off the middle dates, mid-January to early March, during the height of the whirling social season. Gulfstream, with second choice, has chosen in recent years to follow Hialeah—all of which leaves Miami's third race track, Tropical Park, with no alternative but to open the winter season in November and close down in mid-January. The people at Gulfstream are now giving serious thought to trading dates with Tropical or seeing what could be done about running a split meeting—before and after Hialeah.

However, all this is for another season. For the season at hand there promises to be lots of excitement ahead. And Nashua, now that he and Arcaro are getting along a little better, may make the most of it. They'll tell you in Florida, though, not to crown your three-year-old champions prematurely. They know what they're talking about too. For it was just a year ago that Correlation flew from California to Gulfstream to win the Florida Derby. He went on to win the Wood Memorial. In the next two months Correlation was the post-time favorite in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. He won none of them.

SHERPA TENZING NORGAY CLIMBER OF EVEREST

The four-installment autobiography (in collaboration with James Ramsey Ullman) of a man no less remarkable than the mountain he conquered begins in

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
April 25

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GRACE IN A DIVE

by LEE GRIGGS

DIVING is essentially the art of entering the water efficiently and gracefully, and exhibition diving is to many the most beautiful of all sports. The combination of ability, beauty and grace that characterizes women's diving produces a symphony of coordinated motion that is a joy to behold. Yet diving can be cruelly punishing.

Body coordination and the necessity for precise execution make competitive diving one of the more difficult skills to master. It takes at least five years of exhausting daily workouts to develop championship form. Once this form has been achieved, the workouts must be continued virtually the year around to maintain it.

With the requirements for success so demanding, it is no wonder that there are only a handful of top women divers competing today. Most are talented Californians, like Paula Jean Myers (opposite page), Ann Cooper (pages 56, 57) and Juno Stover Irwin. Young Jeanne Stunyo of Detroit is a fine prospect. But far above them all is a small, trim-bodied, Long Beach, Calif. housewife, 24-year-old Mrs. Pat Keller McCormick (page 58), double Olympic and Pan-American Games champion who has won 18 national titles—more than any woman in history. In 1951 and 1954 Pat made an unprecedented sweep of all five U.S. titles, from heights of one to 10 meters. She dominates the field as no other diver ever has.

To stay at the top, Pat McCormick practices two hours a day, makes 25,000 dives a year. But constant hard work and years of training by no means tell the whole story. Tension and mental anguish in competition play a big



TOP WOMAN DIVER is Olympic and Pan-American Champion Pat McCormick.

role. Like most divers, Pat is nervous at a meet. She often gags on food for days before. She spends hours with her husband Glenn, who is also her coach, planning the dives she will use.

One slip can cost a title. In 1953, for instance, Pat struck the board while doing a difficult half gainer with a half twist forward one and a half somersault in pike position, lost 55 points and the national three-meter indoor title to Paula Jean Myers.

As if there weren't already enough strain to competitive diving, the girls always risk injury. Hitting the board, striking the water improperly at a speed of close to a mile a minute and failing to recover under water in time to avoid bumping the bottom of the

pool all take their toll. At a physical examination in 1951 a flabbergasted doctor found that many of the best divers are scarred like prizefighters. On Pat McCormick he found a healed-over six-inch scalp wound, scars at the base of her spine, a once-cracked rib and broken finger, and blood welts across her collarbone from the impact of striking the water. In addition, all her upper front teeth were chipped.

Very few women are physically fitted to take up competitive diving. Some cannot perfect the intricate timing of the many maneuvers to be made in mid-air—twists, jackknives, somersaults, gainers and the like. Others lack the straight legs and instinctively pointed toes that are so essential.

Strong abdominal muscles, slender hips and a muscular but well-formed body characterize the champions. Pat McCormick begins every day's practice with stomach exercises and jumping routines before going to the springboard. Many divers also have had ballet training, which helps develop poise on the board.

Strangely, many divers are acrophobic. Pat McCormick, who dives regularly in 35-foot platform events, is one of these and readily admits it. But if high places scare her, it doesn't show on the judges' sheets. She has three national platform titles, will be after a fourth this year. Pat expects to continue in competition through the 1956 Olympics. "Then," she says, "I will be quite happy to give up all that glittering hardware for five babies." (ENR)

PERFECT FORM is shown by Paula Jean Myers as she completes a half gainer. As accomplished diver, Miss Myers was national platform champion in 1953.





SEQUENCE PICTURES BY NY PESKIN CATCH 16-YEAR-OLD ANN COOPER EXECUTING A GRACEFUL FRONT DIVE WITH A HALF-TWIST





THIS CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA GIRL IS DIVING'S NEWEST STAR. EXPERTS CONSIDER HER A THREAT TO CHAMPION PAT MCCORMICK





PAT MCCORMICK, here executing a full twisting half gainer, has dominated women's diving for the past several years. A double

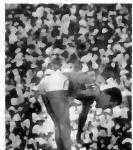
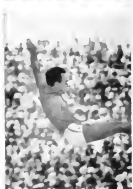
Olympic champion, Pat is 24. She made a clean sweep of all three 1954 outdoor AAU diving titles last August at Indianapolis.

By Bob G.



Joaquin Capella of Mexico duplicated Pat McCormick's twin triumph in men's diving. Here he spins and twists with matchless control in dive from three-meter board.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN,
GEORGE SILK AND JUAN GUZMAN



ON TO AUSTRALIA!

The 1955 Pan-American Games were a full-dress Olympic preview

by DAVID RICHARDSON

IT'S A LONG way from Mexico City to Melbourne—19 months and 8,000 miles to be exact—and much can happen to change the global athletic picture between the second Pan-American Games that wound up here last weekend and the next Olympic Games, scheduled to be held in the Australian city in November 1956. But one thing was clear as the athletes of 22 American countries gathered in the vast University of Mexico stadium for the closing ceremonies last Saturday. The results of this two-week "Olympics of the Western Hemisphere" will have a more important bearing on the outcome of the next Olympics than any other athletic meet until then.

The same could not be said of the first Pan-American Games held in Buenos Aires in 1951. (Actually, the first Pan-American Games were held in 1937 in Dallas as part of the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition. Plans to renew the games annually were ruined by World War II.) In 1951 few outside Latin America paid the regional sports carnival much heed, including the U.S. Olympic Committee which sent only 127 athletes and few stars. As a result, the U.S. finished a lackluster second behind Argentina.

This time the U.S., remembering the strong Soviet challenge to American Olympic supremacy at Helsinki in 1952 and looking ahead to the 1956 Olympics, sent a star-studded contingent

274 strong. Although college studies, Golden Gloves tournaments and conflicting NCAA swimming and wrestling championships prevented some U.S. stars from coming to Mexico, Dan Ferris of the AAU called the squad the "most powerful we ever sent abroad in an off-Olympic year."

The presence of so many crack Olympic-bent U.S. athletes lent such impetus to competition that in almost every sport from track and field and swimming to volleyball and water ballet, Canadians and Latin Americans were vying with U.S. rivals in a record-breaking orgy not seen on this continent since the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932. Thirty-two games records were set. Seven world records were broken, five by Americans. Four of the American marks were by Weightlifters Tommy Kono, Charles Vinci and Norbert Schemansky. Venezuelan Cyclist Anthony Di Michelli broke the Soviet-held 1,000-meter record. In track and field American Lou Jones did 45.4 in the 400 meters. Brazilian Adhemar Ferreira da Silva sailed so far in the hop, step and jump that he broke the Soviet-held record by more than a foot.

That the U.S. would be the unofficial overall winner here was as much a foregone conclusion as the death of the bull in a Plaza Mexico *corrida*. The big question was: will this U.S. team prove to be good enough to hold off the

continued on next page



BAREFOOT MEXICAN BOYS in big hats brace themselves along the slippery banks of Cuernavaca Canal at Xochimilco and

watch impassively as countrymen in four-with-oarwain competition vainly try to stave off defeat. Argentina was ultimate victor

ON TO AUSTRALIA!

continued

U.S.S.R. in the Olympics? With the games over, the question still begs a definite answer. Just as Russia piled up an overwhelming team victory in the quadrennial European Games last summer in Switzerland, so did the U.S. run up an impressive triumph here.

In track and field the U.S. not only won 16 of 22 men's events but displayed strength in depth by collecting by far the largest number of seconds and thirds. The overworked Mexican band played *The Star Spangled Banner* so often for individual Yaxai medalists that even the most patriotic American must have secretly wished for a change of tune. As it was, a minority of

rabid Mexican fans took to whistling (Latin way of booing) at *Estados Unidos* successes and madly cheering anyone from any other nation even if he was only leading a qualifying heat.

Impressive as the American triumph seemed, both over-all and in individual events, it was not a cause for wild rejoicing. American performances in several sports left much to be desired.

Argentina, never a leading contender in the Olympics, beat the U.S. in boxing, cycling, rowing and water polo and tied in wrestling. While the U.S. had legitimate alibis in a few instances, nevertheless the defeats do not speak well for the depth of top-flight material in these sports. Mexico beat America's best in modern pentathlon (*see pictures*

below). Even in its own national sports the U.S. put on disappointing shows. In basketball the U.S. team lost a game to Argentina and gained the overall games title only on a technicality (Brazil, Argentina and the U.S. tied for first, and the U.S. was declared the winner after a point-spread comparison). In baseball the American team had to settle for second place behind the Dominican Republic. ("Fortunately," cracked one official, "baseball is not yet an Olympic event.")

Even in track and field the U.S. displayed its old Olympic weakness in races over 800 meters. Wes Santee was upset by a previously unknown Argentinian named Juan Miranda (*see page 62*) in a slow (3:53.2) 1,500 meters.

MODERN PENTATHLON:

Jose Perez Mier of Mexico won none of the five pentathlon events (in which he is shown performing below), but great over-all consist-





BARE-TORSEED BRAZILIAN goalie lunges out of turbulent water in front of net to deflect Mexican shot in water polo game.

Shot appears to score despite goalie's try, but drops before goal mouth. Brazil won 7-1, but lost to Argentina in final standings.

Olympic Steeplechase Champion Horace Ashenfelter finished second to Argentinian Oswaldo Suarez in the 5,000 meters. Suarez also won the 10,000 meters. In these distance races the U.S. could blame the oxygen-scarce altitude (SI, March 28), but the fact remained that not even Santee, fastest miler in the world today, nor Ashenfelter, only American since 1908 to win an Olympic event longer than 800 meters, could give proof in international competition that they could be counted upon for gold medals at Melbourne.

In swimming, U.S. men did well—with Olympic stars Clarke Scholes and Jimmy McLane and 16-year-old Frank McKinney Jr. winning races in good time—even though many fine swim-

mers were absent at the NCAA championships. However, the American girls did little to warrant much more hope for them at Melbourne than at Helsinki, where they won only two third places in five races. The big sensation of the women's aquatic events was the showing of the small Canadian team. Beth Whittall of Montreal, a Purdue sophomore, put on the most amazing individual performance of the entire games by 1) winning the 100-meter butterfly championship, 2) less than 15 minutes later winning the 400-meter freestyle title and 3) 45 minutes after that swimming a leg with the second-place medley relay team. Canadian Coach Tommy Walker exulted: "Beth has the greatest poten-

tial of any swimmer I have ever seen."

Despite the several conspicuous U.S. weaknesses, American fans had things to cheer about. Real progress seems to have been made in a few lesser Olympic sports, such as fencing and gymnastics.

Individually, a few promising U.S. athletes came to the fore in a way that suggests they may be at peak performance by Olympic time. Not only has 19-year-old Arnold Sowell emerged as the likely successor to aging Mal Whitfield in the 800-meter run, but Lon Spurrier, who pressed Sowell to the tape in the Pan-American 800 and who set a new world record in the half mile last Saturday (see EVENTS & DISCOVERIES), is a strong running mate. Seldom

continued on next page

ency earned him the championship, led Mexico to team title. Never better than fourth swimming; nor worse than seventh cross-country

running), he nosed out erratic Edgar O'Hare of U.S., who finished first in shooting but fifteenth in fencing, by margin of one point.



ON TO AUSTRALIA!

continued

has the U.S. been blessed at one time with three such fleet quarter-milers as Lou Jones, Jim Lea and Jesse Mashburn, 1-2-3 finishers in the record-breaking 400. Sprinter Rod Richard came within a tenth of a second of world records in both the 100- and 200- (around bend) meter dashes. Josh Culbreath was only one second shy of tying the world record (held by Russian Yuri Litsuev) in the grueling 400-meter hurdles. Roy Range and John Bennett both exceeded 26 feet in the broad jump, the U.S. 400- and 1,600-meter relay teams won handily, and old Olympic stand-bys like Hurdler Jack Davis, Shot Putter Parry O'Brien, Pole Vault-er Bob Richards, Discus Thrower Fortune Gordien and Javelin Thrower Bud Held all came through in a style that indicated they would carry weight at Melbourne. In the classic decathlon, big, young Rafer Johnson, a UCLA freshman, seemed likely to threaten Bob Mathias' world decathlon record until he lapsed into near exhaustion in the last few events.

Among American girl athletes, Olympic Diving Champion Pat McCormack (see page 54) repeated her Olympic wins in the springboard and platform dives and expects to crown her career by doing it once again at Melbourne. Blond Jeanne Struys was a close second in the springboard dive and looked like a coming champion. Another girl to watch is High Jumper Mildred McDaniel, who tied both the American and Olympic records and came within a breath of tying the Soviet-held world record.

Nevertheless, for the American athletes who want to do well at Melbourne, a full year and a half of hard training and competition lies ahead. By then some of our present shining lights may be dimmed, and others glowing in their place. As Summer Clarke Scholes, an Olympic and Pan-American champion, said ruefully: "Hell, there's so many good swimmers around here in the States I'll be lucky even to make the Olympic squad."

More than anything else the 1955 Pan-American Games turned out to be a valuable proving ground of competitive heart and sinew that should pay off in the best Olympic squad in U.S. athletic history. A good many returning heroes agreed with Lou Jones who said after breaking the world 400-meter mark: "I can't exactly explain what happened, but something moved me." The hope is that whatever it is, it will keep on moving them. **END**



HAPPY, EXHAUSTED Juan Miranda (right) of Argentina chugs Mal Whitfield and grins with weary delight after his stunning upset of Wes Santee and Fred Dwyer in the Pan-American 1,500-meter run. Friends held tottering Miranda erect as an Argentine teammate crouches to untie his running spikes. Beyond Whitfield a young Argentinean looks at Miranda in awe. Whitfield wears competing teammates' watches on left wrist.

TIP FROM THE TOP



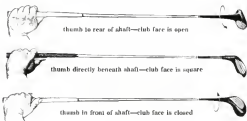
For golfers of all degrees of skill,
especially middle-handicap golfers

from **MIKE TURNESA**, pro at Knollwood Country Club, White Plains, N.Y.

What makes a golfer "hit" with his body instead of his hands is lack of feel at the top of the backswing. "Feel," of course, is something you cannot teach. The best a teaching pro can do is to try to develop for his pupil a sense of the correct positions, trusting that a muscular feel will develop which will instantly "tell" the golfer that his hands are doing just what they should.

In this connection, I have recently arrived at a tip that strikes me as a sound and simple device by which a golfer can check the correctness of his hands at the top of the backswing. The key is the left thumb. It should lie squarely underneath the center of the shaft—just as if it were the first story of a two-story house. When the left thumb is so positioned, it sets up three critical actions: 1) the back of the left hand lines up as straight continuation of the left arm; 2) the golfer will cock his wrists correctly; 3) his club head will be square to the ball.

The reason why I think this tip is so valuable is that a golfer, with his eyes fixed on the ball, can *feel* the position of that left thumb. Then, with time and practice, he should begin to develop a feel of the over-all interrelationship of both hands in the correct position at the top of the backswing.



Mike Turnesa demonstrates
correct position of left arm and
left hand at top of backswing

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The Word We Dreaded

My husband and I were together when the phone rang. He got up to answer it and I held my breath as I heard his quiet, "Yes, Doctor?"

Then he put the receiver down carefully. His face, when he turned to me, was gaunt and lined, but he was trying to smile.

"Was it—the laboratory tests?" I asked.

He nodded. "We'd better get my bag packed," he said gravely. "They want me in the hospital this evening."

We had realized for months that something was wrong. But the pressure of his business postponed action. "Guess I'm a little off my feed," was all he would say.

It took our family physician only ten minutes to change that attitude. He made an immediate appointment with a specialist. And at the end of an anguished week we knew. The laboratory tests confirmed the word we dreaded—"Cancer."

That was a year ago. Modern cancer research saved my husband. That... and the surgeon's skill, the strength of our faith and his own fighting heart. He is alive and well today. For us the story has had a happy ending.

Yet it isn't ended. When we think of the thousands of other families tragically broken every year, we feel we still have work to do. Many types of cancer can be cured if caught in time.

We tell our friends, "If there are symptoms you don't understand, see your doctor at once." And we give to support the constant research of the American Cancer Society in finding the causes and reducing the incidence of cancer.

American Cancer Society

GENTLEMEN

I want to help conquer Cancer

☐ Please send me free information about Cancer

☐ Enclosed is my contribution of \$_____ to the Cancer Crusade

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(MAIL TO: CANCER c/o your town's Postmaster)

Strike back at CANCER... man's cruellest enemy... GIVE

MOSCONI

continued from page 25

a name which has been eradicated from the game because of the odium which attached for some years to poolrooms." Some towns even outlawed pool, by any name. When this happened, the *Reporter* pointed out, "... young men hearken to the call elsewhere... Who knows where to find them? ... Both young and old crave this form of amusement. It is better to let them have it in the full gaze of the old home town than to compel them to go... for it where they cannot be seen."

In recent times Brunswick-Balke-Collender, using all the brain-washing skills of modern advertising, has led in attempting to associate pocket billiards with the idea of clean, wholesome, family-type recreation. As part of a lavish campaign it put up a super-billiard room in Springfield, Illinois at a cost of \$100,000. But the Cue & Cushion, as this was called, closed ingloriously after a year and three months. In spite of everything, except at official tournaments, pocket billiards still is known as pool and still is played in poolrooms. Like many other four-letter words, it seems to have an ineradicable vitality.

Mosconi has done more than his share to raise the social tone of the game. A rather small but exceptionally handsome man, he is always well-mannered, well-groomed and very well-dressed. His suits are tailored; so is his language, which has a modulated dignity. He conveys sincerity, solemnity and responsibility. He could be—and has been—mistaken for a successful haberdasher, and in his darker moments regrets that he isn't in some such line of work. He often declares that he is tired of the game. But the chances are almost nil that he ever will retire. Pool has an obsessive charm for those who know how to play it well. There is nothing, as any pool addict knows, quite so satisfying as putting the eight ball in the side pocket; and nothing, conversely, quite so frustrating as almost doing so. This has led to another common misconception, that most great pool players are crazy. The truth is that they only seem to be.

For instance, anyone who has ever mis-cued on the game hall will understand the feelings, and revere the memory, of Louis Fox, who died a martyr's death in 1865. He and John Deery were playing for the championship that year, and Fox—needing only a few more balls to win—was at the table when a fly settled on the cue

ball. He waved it away with his cue, but it returned before he could shoot. This happened again, and then again. The third time Fox accidentally jostled the ball with his cue tip, which cost him his shot, and Deery came to the table and won the championship. Fox, it is said, ran from the hall and leaped into a nearby river, where he drowned. This tragedy was almost repeated in 1951, when the national championship tournament was being played at Chicago's Navy Pier. The veteran and distinguished Onofrio Lauri was matched against a Cleveland player named Wallace, whom he figured to beat easily. But Wallace was inspired; he ran 86 balls out, including—witnesses declare—79 Harrigans, the term for shots considered almost impossible. Lauri, cue in hand, rushed for a doorway that opened onto Lake Michigan and was halfway through it before three friends could subdue him.

Suicide among players is rare, but suicidal impulses are not. A Broadway figure known as Tony the Weasel has the disconcerting habit, when betrayed by the cue, of running full tilt down the aisle and diving headfirst against the wall. Once he made the mistake of doing this with a thin composition-board wall and landed, like a spent shell, halfway through; allegedly it took the fire department to extract him. Another player goes to the men's room, upbraids himself in the mirror and then knocks himself out.

Rage, grief and despair haunt the pool halls, and, of course, especially the tournaments. Lauri once hurled a whole case of balls through a wooden

partition in Scranton. Irving Crane, when he lost the championship in 1942, broke down and cried inconsolably. The late Andrew Ponzi, when he lost, often made speeches to the audience protesting against the injustice of it all. Seeded players have thrown their cues into the audience like javelins, ground the chalk underfoot, or broken their cues across the table. Even Mosconi has been known to pound his cue butt on the floor in exasperation, and at least once to have splintered it against a table leg. "Pool players," a Billiard Congress official has commented, "are quite sane on any given day in June, but get them to a table and they go nuts."

The explanation for this probably rests on the fact that big-time pool involves sustained solitary performance and sustained waiting. When one player is at the table, there is nothing his opponent can do except sit and hope that he misses; to hope, as Irving Crane says, that "the guy breaks his arm or falls down or something." Since runs of 50, 75, or even 100 balls are not uncommon (Mosconi has run 160 or better thousands of times, and last year in an exhibition he ran 526, a new world's record), this can be a nerve-racking pastime. The player at the table, on the other hand, knowing that a miss will give his opponent a chance to make a long run and win, is under steadily increasing stress to keep pocketing balls. Thus the nature of the game puts a premium on self-control and on skill in psychological warfare.

The latter cannot be overt, for anything obviously calculated to rattle an

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"This'll make a great run-and-shoot..."

MOSCONI

continued from page 65

opponent is against the rules, so players develop subtle forms of torture for one another. Coughing or belching at the moment before a shot, whistling—absent-mindedly—a little tune, or blowing one's nose are on the border line of propriety. When a player is shooting down-table—that is, toward where his opponent is sitting—the latter has more opportunities to use imagination. He may seize the moment to wipe his hands on a towel or shower them with powder, sight down his own cue or file the cue tip, start telling a joke *sotto voce* to someone sitting with him, or discover an itch that must be scratched vigorously. Onofrio Lauri has been accused not only of polishing his bald head with intent to confuse, but even of using it like a searchlight reflector to focus a beam of light on his competitor's eyes. Mosconi usually disdains such small plays in favor of one he learned from the great Greenleaf. This is simply to appear so supremely confident, indeed so arrogant, that the enemy's morale is shattered from the first moment of play, a method which naturally requires the skill to back it up. Yet even he feels the same inner tensions: he has sometimes bitten his tongue so hard that he drew blood. During a major tournament he loses about eight pounds. In 1940 Irving Crane came down with scurvy and pelagra from tournament-tension and resulting loss of appetite.

Pool players should be a short-lived lot, but the contrary seems to be true. Alfredo De Oro, the Cuban Wonder, played a sharp game until his death at 86, and some of today's experts are in their 60s or beyond. Moreover, the best players invariably have started young. Mosconi, for instance, who was born in Philadelphia in 1913, was able to start as a mere tot, since his father owned a five-table hall and the family lived on the floor above. He became, as he says, "a child prodigy," and at seven was playing exhibitions at English Tommy's, one of the city's leading rooms, against a girl of his own age named Ruth McGinnis. Later on he gave exhibitions in towns near Philadelphia. When he was 16 his father became ill, Willie lost his job as an upholsterer's assistant and to support the family turned perforce to pool hustling or, as it is also known, sharking bets.

Pool players are well known for their sporting instincts, and their willingness to bet, combined with their warmheart-

ed feeling of fellowship with visiting players, at one time supported scores of roving experts. Posing usually as harvest hands or traveling salesmen, they would drop in at a local hall, stir up a game, nurse the victim along and finally walk off with whatever assets he might have on him. Some of them worked up amazing stunts. One man who had a wooden leg was almost always able to find someone to bet that he could not jump onto a pool table with his good leg from a standing start. He could. Willie's chief asset in sharking was his youth and his delicate, blue-eyed (his mother was a Reilly) look of a Raphael angel: it was hard for the older, more experienced customers to imagine that this cherub could hold his own. But he could. One night in Philadelphia, in a game of One Ball beginning at 10 p.m. and ending at 7 a.m., he convinced a sport called Fatty Pincus by relieving him of a wrist watch, a diamond ring and \$300.

This kind of talent naturally led him into tournament play. In 1933, at the age of 19, he came within one ball of the world's championship, which was won by Erwin Rudolph. He gave up sharking then and went to work for Brunswick-Balke-Collender as an exhibition player. It took him another eight years to win the championship (in 1941) but he has held it most of the time ever since. Two things, he thinks, have contributed most to his education. One was a barnstorming tour he took with Greenleaf in the summer of 1935. He had already played Greenleaf, his boyhood hero, several times, and in fact had beaten him in the 1933 tournament. But now he had a chance really to study him and learn from him: the

insolent confidence, the perfect grooming, the gentlemanly airs, all of which—along with Greenleaf's marvelous skill in playing position—became a part of Mosconi's own equipment. He also profited, in a reverse way, from his idol's weakness, alcohol. Greenleaf could play brilliantly whether drunk or sober, but there were times when he could not play at all. Once in Pittsburgh, it is related, he was introduced with an unusually fulsome tribute ending with "... and, gentlemen, I now give you the great Ralph Greenleaf!" Whereupon Greenleaf, dressed as usual in tuxedo, stepped forward, bowed and collapsed gently to the floor and went to sleep. Mosconi smokes heavily and drinks coffee by the quart but he almost never touches alcohol.

His other teacher was Sylvester Livingston, who made his living in the summer as a bookie and in the winter as advance man for a string of touring pool players, of whom Mosconi was one. Livingston, he says, taught him what is known politely as the competitive spirit, or the will to win. "When you've got the knife in, Willie," Livingston used to admonish him, "twist it." Mosconi took to the lesson quickly and has never forgotten it. Irving Crane says of this quality: "When he gets you down, that's when he tramples on you. He's a tiger at the table."

Thinking of his next title defense, Mosconi said recently, "I almost hope I lose. It would give me more fight." Then he soon added a comment fully in the tradition of this grand game: "People remember who wins. They don't care about the guy who finishes second. Nice guys don't win. I hate to lose and I hate a good loser." **C. R. B.**



"And how are the good old Boston Braves doing?"

THE MASTERS

continued from page 22

then the best medal player in the country, appeared to have the tournament all wrapped up when he entered the last nine with a lead of four strokes over the nearest man, Byron Nelson. Guldahl ran into trouble on the far bend, going two over par on the short 12th with a five and one over on the

has always pervaded the Masters requires only one word: Jones. When the first Masters was held in 1934, its principal attraction was that the tournament marked Bob's return to competition. Until 1948, when illness forced him into final retirement, Bob annually played in the Masters but in no other tournaments. He was never truly a factor, but as the host and the president of the club, he endowed (and endows) the Masters with its thoroughgoing distinction and its sporting flavor. Bob used to play the first round with whoever was the defending champion. This role is now filled by Byron Nelson, the perfect choice. At the presentation ceremonies held on the Broomfield putting green, Jones acts as the master of ceremonies—though that is hardly the word for the charming way he reviews the tournament and introduces the winners in his soft and eloquent Georgian drawl.

CAREER AND FEEDER

Behind the scenes, metaphorically digging away to build a better sand trap so that the world will continue to beat a path to the Masters, is that one-man gang, Clifford Roberts, "the work" in the interior administration of the club and chairman of the tournament committee since the inception of the Masters. Along with Jones, Roberts devised the inspired system of determining which players receive invitations to the tournament, and to him belongs the credit for the planning and operation that distinguishes a big-time affair from merely a big one: having the course in perfect condition, handling the improvement of such facilities as the parking area, making certain the players are treated as welcome guests and, above all, trying to anticipate the every need of the spectators. In this last connection, for example, on arriving at the grounds, each spectator receives (gratis) the day's program. It is simply a sheet of typewriter-paper size, the names of the players and their starting times on one side, a map of the course on the reverse. This data is all a spectator needs to orient himself immediately, something he can never get from the high-priced, ad-filled programs put out by most tournament committees for commercial profit and which emerge so bulky that lugging them around is a burden, particularly since there is nothing to be gained by trying to read them. To enable the spectators to keep abreast of the scoring as it unfolds on so many corners of the course, Roberts has installed a permanent telephone-

communications system which feeds the news to scoreboards set up at six junctions on the course. To mention only a few of the sundry "little touches" that spring from Roberts' passion for efficiency and order, the caddies, marshals and trash squads are decked out in standardized uniforms, a pamphlet on how to watch the tournament is available to spectators on request, the tall pines are protected by lightning rods, and the brown water in the hazards is touched up into a bright blue by adding a Calcozine dye.

THE FEEL OF AUGUSTA

When the weather is cooperative—and it usually is, though technically it is beyond Roberts' control—few pleasures in sport can compare with being at the Masters. Most of the drama, of course, is reserved for the last two days, when the tournament "shapes" and builds to a climax, but there are a lot of us who have at least an equal fondness for the first two days, before the big crowds and the heavy pressure set in. Then the air of a happy country fair hangs over the green, green grass, and as you follow at the elbow of your favorite players of this year and yesterday, golf takes on the quality it used to have in the 20s—the quality of a game, an ageless game.

EWB

NAMES AND SCORES OF MASTERS WINNERS

1934	Horton Smith	281
1935	Gene Sarazen*	282
1936	Horton Smith	285
1937	Byron Nelson	283
1938	Henry Picard	285
1939	Ralph Guldahl	279
1940	Jimmy Demaret	280
1941	Craig Wood	280
1942	Byron Nelson*	280
1946	Herman Keiser	282
1947	Jimmy Demaret	281
1948	Claude Harmon	279
1949	Sam Snead	282
1950	Jimmy Demaret	283
1951	Ben Hogan	280
1952	Sam Snead	286
1953	Ben Hogan	274
1954	Sam Snead*	285

*won play-off

13th with a six. Nelson came along and played the two holes in two and three and not only obliterated Guldahl's lead but went in front by two strokes, his eventual margin of victory. The shoe was on the other foot for Guldahl two years later. He needed a 34 home on the last day to catch Sam Snead and came in in 33, due chiefly to a wonderful eagle on the 13th where he gambled on clearing the creek with his second and stuck his spoon six feet from the cup. You can go on and on—Snead's final round in '49 when he picked up eight birdies; Nelson's six-under-par sprint over 11 holes in his play-off duel with Ben Hogan in '42; Hogan's four flawless rounds in '53; and so on and on. The great names have always dominated the Masters, and their doing so has brought new substance to the ivied adage that a great course will produce a great champion.

While it takes considerable yardage even to begin to describe the sheer and organic beauty of the course, to explain the atmosphere of golf at its best that

THE FIELD

To qualify for an invitation to the Masters, a golfer must have gained one of several set distinctions. In terms of this year's events, the following players are eligible:

1. Former Masters champions
2. Former U.S. and British Open champions
3. Former U.S. and British Amateur champions
4. Former PGA champions
5. Members of the 1955 American Walker and Ryder Cup teams
6. The first 24 finishers in the 1954 Masters
7. The first 24 finishers, 1954 U.S. Open
8. Quarter-finalists 1954 U.S. Amateur
9. Quarter-finalists in the 1954 PGA
10. One amateur not on the invitation list selected by ballot by U.S. Amateur champions
11. One professional not on the invitation list selected by ballot by U.S. Open champions
12. Two professionals not on the invitation list with the best scoring records on the current winter circuit
13. The home club professional



UNIFORMED CHAMPIONS: (standing) Eusebio Castiglione, Aldo Ballarin, Giuseppe Grezar, Ezio Loik, Valentino Mazzola,

Valerio Bacigalupo; (kneeling) Danilo Martelli (reserve), Romeo Menti, Mario Rigamonti, Guglielmo Gubetto and Franco Ossola.

DISASTER AT TURIN

The 1949 Turin soccer team was the pride of Italy, its death a national tragedy



IN MAY, 1950 A MEMORIAL (RIGHT) WAS DEDICATED AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH "TO THE ETERNAL MEMORY" OF TURIN PLAYERS

AFTER World War II a group of handsome Turin soccer players represented fun and glory to millions of war-weary Italians who had little to rejoice about. Led by temperamental Valentino Mazzola, the Turin team played as if they could read each other's mind. Each of them, in his splendid competence, became a national hero, a symbol of Italy's resurrection.

Turin played dazzling soccer. In the first post-war Italian championships they represented the north against Rome, all-powerful in the south. To the cheers of fans (*tifoso*) who backed them heavily, Turin stars passed the ball dizzily back and forth as they worked their way up the field. Rome players watched helplessly while Turin made six goals in 18 minutes of play.

The team's absolute mastery of soccer might have become a bore except for the thoroughly human characteristics of its members. Captain Mazzola, a forward, was a genius on the field at inside left, but he had redeeming faults. He was highly nervous and unreasonable. Occasionally even his own teammates became aggravated with his fits of temper. Before a match with a team from Florence in the 1947-48 season, Turin players were so miffed they at first refused to start the game with him. When the complete team finally took the field, the others refused to pass to Mazzola. In the last minutes of play a furious Mazzola left his forward position, dropped back into the defense area and stole the ball. All alone he worked it down the field, feinting past one defender, then another until he scored. Turin won 1-0 on Mazzola's enterprise. His teammates carried him off the field on their shoulders.

Turin's fans were used to high drama. Once (against Rome) Mazzola tore a leg muscle. But he was a fanatical player and the game was hot and close. He would not leave it "until we win." Limping, he took the ball, feinted and dribbled past two defense men to score a goal. Only after making a second goal could he be persuaded to leave the game. Goalkeeper Valerio Bacigalupo, five-time member of the National team, was made of similar stuff. Early in a match against Bologna in the 1945-46 season he broke his wrist. But he played to the end, helping Turin to a 2-0 victory.

Turin players virtually monopolized the Italian National team, composed of the best players in the nation. In the spring of 1949 they had unofficially clinched the national championship well before completing their schedule of games. Having earned the highest

honors in Italian soccer, they were invited to Portugal to play a benefit match. Several members of the Turin team were ill or injured. Mazzola, running a temperature, decided at the last moment to board the plane with his fellows. Only two reserve men stayed behind, both in bed with injuries. On the plane were the 11-man first team, seven reserves, two coaches, two managers, a masseur and three top Italian sportswriters.

Four days later as crowds of *tifoso* waited at the Turin airport to welcome the returning team, the plane circled overhead in a fog-filled sky. A thunderstorm grumbled in the distance. On the nearby hillside the massive white *Basilica di Superga* where the kings of Sardinia are buried appeared, then vanished under black clouds. Suddenly the incoming plane crashed into the outlying *Basilica* walls and burst into flames. Priests rushing to the scene found the Turin team strewn amid the wreckage. All 26 passengers and five crewmen had been killed instantly.

The greatest soccer team in Italy's history was wiped out in what was probably the worst mass disaster in sports history. In spite of drenching rains, a huge crowd, stunned and grieving, inched up the winding road to the ball-top by car, by bicycle and on foot.

As news of the disaster spread, all of Italy went into mourning. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies suspended session, and Turin held a mass state funeral for the dead. In two days more than 800,000 mourners filed into Turin's *rococo Palazzo Madama*, past the coffin of Italy's greatest team and out into a suddenly sunless world.

The 1948-49 Italian championships were still unfinished. Turin had four games to play before it could officially claim the title. A token team composed of Turin boys ranging from 16 to 18 years in age set out to finish the schedule. Sympathetic opposing teams met *Torino Simbolo*, as this squad was called, with young amateur players. *Torino Simbolo* played the four games and won them all.

END

FUNERAL PROCESSION WOUND THROUGH STREETS BORDERED BY WEEPING FANS



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

April 1 through April 10

19th
HOLE

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

Badminton

Natl. Jr. championships begin, Cleveland.

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Philadelphia.
Women's Basketball Assn., natl. tournament, Kansas City.

Boxing

● Billy Graham vs. Chico Vejar, welterweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Johnny Sauton vs. Tony DeMarco, for welterweight title, Boston Garden (15 rds.).

Golf

Oklahoma City Women's Open, Oklahoma City.

Horse Racing

Pawnee Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Track & Field

Texas Relays, Austin, Tex.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

Basketball

● N.Y. Giants vs. Cleveland, Dallas, 2:15 p.m. (CBS—see local listing).

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Montreal.

Boxing

NCAA tournament finals, Pocatello, Ida.

Dog Shows

Int'l Kennel Club Show, Chicago.

Figure Skating

U.S. championship finals, Colorado Springs, Col.

Fishing

Intercollegiate Tripan Tournay begins, Boca Grande, Fla.

Harness Racing

The Californian (bot), \$15,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Santa Anita, Calif.

Hockey

Stanley Cup (if necessary), Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Bowie Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bowie, Md.
Experimental Free Handicap, \$20,000, 5 f., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.

Indoor Polo

Eastern 12-goal tournament, Squad A Army, N.Y.

Sailing

McMillan Cup (intercollegiate), Annapolis, Md.

Steeplechase

The Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C.

Tennis

POC world pro championship final, Cleveland.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand Natl., 100-m., N. Wilkesboro, N.C.

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Chicago.

Golf

Aralie Open final, Wilmington, N.C.

Hockey

Stanley Cup (if necessary), Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

Shooting

Natl. Veterans' Giant Slalom, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Natl. Giant Slalom, Stevens Pass, Wash.

Wrestling

Nat'l. AAU Greco-Roman championships, Amityville, N.Y.

MONDAY, APRIL 4

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Indianapolis.
All-Army championships begin, Ft. Benning, Ga.

Boxing

● Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson vs. Archie McBride, heavyweight, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont).
● Gene Palmer vs. G. Turner, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-local blackout).

TUESDAY, APRIL 5

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Elkhart, Ind.

Boxing

Sandy Seddler vs. Kenny Davis, featherweights (rematch), Buffalo, N.Y. (10 rds.).

Hockey

Stanley Cup (if necessary), Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit, Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6

Badminton

Natl. Open championships begin, Long Beach, Calif.

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Iowa City, Ia.

Horse Racing

Proctor Stakes, \$20,000, 5 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Denver.

Golf

Masters tournament begins, Augusta, Ga.

Harness Racing

The Californian (pace), \$15,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Santa Anita, Calif.

Swimming

Women's AAU st. indoor championships begin, Daytona Beach, Fla.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Kansas City.

Boxing

● George Johnson vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, St. Louis (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

SATURDAY, APRIL 9

Basketball

● Brooklyn vs. N.Y. Yankees, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS—see local listing).

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, St. Louis.

Boxing

Beau Jack vs. Ike Williams, welterweights, Augusta, Ga. (10 rds.).

Horse Racing

John B. Campbell Memorial, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bowie, Md.
Gottman Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.

Indoor Polo

Eastern 12-goal semifinals, Squad, A Army, N.Y.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10

Basketball

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Waco, Tex.

GREATEST COMPETITORS IN HISTORY

Sirs:

YESTERDAY (SI, Mar. 21) about the great days of the old Irish-American Athletic Club took me back to my boyhood when we lived within a few blocks of the clubhouse on 59th Street, and I was a very junior, noncompeting member whose chief value, with others of my ilk, was to swell the cheering sections at Celtic Park or Madison Square Garden.

I think your article errs in two details. The big weight throwers of the Irish were never called "Whale" in their or my day. This term must be the later invention of sportswriters who were not contemporary with the athletes in competition! Arthur Daley's column in the Times used the word recently, and I believe he is comparatively young. As I recall them, these Irish giants would probably have taken umbrage at a name which might be mistaken for a country foreign to their native nod.

Further, you include Matt McGrath as being a member of the Irish-American AC. He properly belonged there, of course, but my recollection is that the New York AC in some way got him signed up first, and Lieut. McGrath competed under the Winged Foot, not the Winged Fist, except when, like all the others, he had the shield of the U.S.A. on his Olympics jersey.

I hope no casual reader will think of the IAAAC as being all weight and brawn in field events. They had an equal number of track greats. Martin Sheridan was second only to Jim Thorpe as the greatest all-round athlete of his day—he could do the hundred in 10 flat and jump high and broad with the best specialists; he really popularized the discus throw in this country, and threw it Greek-style as well as the free-style which has become standard; we kids used to imitate his gyrations in PSAL field games. In their track men, Mel Sheppard was, of course, pre-eminent, but they had track speedsters galore; and in two Olympics I recall this single club of the U.S.A. had a greater point total than all the rest of the nations competing combined. Much of the credit for this was due their great coach, Lawson Robertson, who assembled in the old brick building on East 59th Street what was probably the greatest aggregation of competitors in athletic history.

EDWARD B. EGAN

New York

ALLOW ME TO MENTION

Sirs:

In answer to Mr. R. J. White's question as to when the one-handed basketball shot was first used—asked in Mar. 21 19th HOLE—allow me to mention the fact that Glen Killinger, All-America Quarterback of 1921 and a basketball player of great ability while a student at Pennsylvania State College, used a one-handed shot with great effect in 1919, 1920, 1921 and 1922. Professor R. M. Herman coached the basketball team at Penn State during those years and Killinger is now athletic director at I think, West Chester Teachers College in Pennsylvania.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

I organized and coached the first basketball team at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. and on that team of 1910 I had a center, Marvin Ritch, who used the one-handed shot once in a while. Ritch is now a lawyer in Charlotte, N.C.

Then, too, the shot was being used by players at West Virginia at Morgantown, W. Va. in 1921.

It is a most natural shot and would have been used much sooner had coaches not been against it.

NAT J. CARTMELL

Advisory Track & Field Coach
West Point, N.Y.

I ALSO RECALL

Sirs:

I recall seeing a member of the Carlisle Indians basketball team use the one-handed *fedway* shot about 1913 playing against Swarthmore College at Swarthmore, Pa. and he used it successfully too. (I was a student then.)

HOWARD M. BUCKMAN

George School, Pa.

HISTORY MAINE STYLE

Sirs:

A delayed reaction to check facts to state that, while Mr. Rickey is a wonderful man and has done a lot for baseball, here are the facts.

Re: Ladies Day, invented by Mr. Rickey. From the Portland, Maine *Daily Advertiser*, July 3, 1884: "At the baseball game between the Portlanders and the Lewistons on the afternoon of the 4th, ladies will be admitted to the grounds free."

Re: Jackie Robinson as first Negro in organized baseball.

From the Portland Sunday *Times*, March 29, 1891: "Manager (Frank J.) Leonard (of the Portland team) entered in the New England League) first hired the Cuban Giants, but Portland fans didn't like the idea of it, so he released them."

The Cuban Giants were Negroes. We almost made history when Mr. Rickey was nine years old. The New England League of Professional Baseball Clubs was a bona fide organized pro league, brought along players like Annie, Muttie, Mathewson.

DON MAC WILLIAMS

Sports Editor

Maine Broadcasting System
Portland, Me.

● In other words it would be almost correct to say that as Maine went so went Rickey, with accent on the almost.—ED.

A LIFER!

Sirs:

I have read all your numbers since the first copy.

Boy! Oh, boy! That was a good one! The story on bird watching, Mar. 21, was one of your best.

My hobbies have been fishing, mountain climbing and skiing, but I am a bird watcher as well and try every year to add to my Life List like all good bird men.

Your magazine deserves a great deal of credit for reaching people in all walks of life.

More power to you Killing may have its place but I like to see the live ones.

HENRY JEWETT GREENE

Winter Park, Fla.

BACELS IN HERNANDO'S HIDEAWAY

Sirs:

In regard to Gordon P. Nangle's back-handed blast (19th HOLE, Mar. 14) at my Camp Fire piece, since he doesn't know me, how come he managed to identify me from behind in the quail walk shot? And as one of a huddled group of 11 in the clay bird cut? I had to look twice to recognize myself and I know me real good.

Just for the record, the photos were taken by Gene Pyle, a free-lance, free-wheeling lad who was turned loose on the reservation, like the Camp Fire deer, to snap anybody he saw fit. The pix used were selected by the SI staff, not by me.

I don't mind unprovoked attacks by elephants, but I'm more choosy when it comes to two-legged critters. At his convenience I'll be happy to take this horny-kinked joker on with rifle, pistol, shotgun, crossbow, snowballs, rocks, wet hagsels or rubber carpet beaters. It will have to be on neutral ground, and my preferences include Gramercy, Gioia Morra, Hernandez's Hideaway and the summit of Mt. Everest.

I've got a word of caution for this side-winding sniper. Don't rile old Charlie Gubner. Charlie can shoot the eye out of a termite with a .30-06 and is a mean mat with a scutigeron to boot.

RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

Editor

Explorers Journal

New York



"Get out and relax. Play a little golf but don't keep score."

AMBASSADOR'S AIDE

Sirs:

As one of your charter subscribers, I want to express my satisfaction with SI to date and particularly the issue of Feb. 21. The human articles, such as *The Robin Who Didn't Fly South*, *SOUNDTRACK* and *Small House Take the Wheel*, are so refreshing and typical of our Americans.

I presume that SI is enjoying as much success elsewhere in the world as it is here in Europe. It is a great aid to all American ambassadors of good will and good sports on the international scene, as well as a positive adjunct to free peoples' crucial struggle for men's minds.

I intend to renew when the time comes to do so.

JOSEPH C. RIVELY

Lt. Col., U.S.A.

Bad Homburg, Germany

COULD BE

BRIEF:

WE THOUGHT THE COLOR SKI SHOTS IN YOUR MARCH 14 ISSUE, AND IN PARTICULAR THE COVER PICTURE, WERE WONDERFUL, BUT GOT INTO QUITE AN ARGUMENT AT THE OFFICE OVER THE LOCATE WHICH WAS NOT IDENTIFIED IN THE CAPTIONS. COULD IT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN THAT WONDERFUL UNION PACIFIC RESORT IN IDAHO, SOMETHING-OR-OTHER VALLEY?

SUN VALLEY NEWS BUREAU

Sun Valley, Id.

● That's the valley.—ED.

FOR GERRIE READ LEWIS

Sirs:

With Dennis Osborne suffering an attack of pneumonia, thus eliminating his hopes

continued on page 72

of trying out for the 1956 United States Olympic alpine squad, your caption titled Dennis Osborne in your Olympic gallery feature (S1, Mar. 14) should have read Lewis Fellows, 17, of Tahoe City, Calif. Maybe Dennis' spirits will rise with a correction to this effect.

Never has a national publication had such excellent winter sports coverage as has S1.

JERRY WETZEL
Winter Sports Editor
Nevada State Journal

Reno



DENNIS OSBORNE

I REALLY KNOW ONE

Sir: I really know a 100% honest golfer (S1, Mar. 21). He lives in Charleston, S.C., and is a reporter for the *Charleston Evening Post*. His name is Walter P. Crews, and I have played golf with him several times. He is the most completely honest golfer I have ever seen.

To illustrate Crews' golf game is called, shall we say, *lucy*. Yes, let's say that, as his lowest round for 18 holes is a cool 119. But he averages around 130-145. And he counts every stroke, including those strokes which never come in contact with the ball. But he is sincere. To further illustrate: He was totaling one of his mediocre rounds in Jacksonville, Fla. one day in this manner . . . "Let's see, now . . . 10, 13, 11, 14, 12, 8 (bright smile on that one), 11, 22. Boy, that one hurt!" . . . etc. This actually happened, so help me!

Just thought you might be interested.

ELGIN WHITE

Providence, R.I.

THEY KNOW HOW MOTHER FEELS

Sir: When my husband saw the picture of Peter Mijer (FAT on the Buck, Mar. 14) he said, "There is a truly happy man!"

I was delighted to see it because he judged some of my losses when I fenced in competition in New York 13 years ago. You are never too old to fence and it keeps you in wonderful condition. Fencing to me is the finest sport there is.

There is no accredited teacher in our neck of the woods and I have been instructing young men at our local YMCA so as to make them interested enough to pay for lessons from a fencing master who can instruct.

I have a family of five who know how mother feels about the sport. I love it!

MARIA K. WAGNER

Grand Rapids, Mich.

FLOPS, GASPS AND STRAINS

Sir:

We're quite sure all Roy Couch's sidekicks at the Buffalo West Side Rowing Club will gasp in amazement at his Florida Southern gals as they flopped, gasped and strained across the pages of your Mar. 14 issue. Like us, they must have wanted to shout "eyes in the boat" or "sit up, sit up." We're still trying to figure out at what that beguiled stroke is gazing.

All kidding aside; our congratulations to Roy, both as a top coach and a chap who is doing a great deal to further rowing on the American college scene. His summers are spent up this way, working with club crews along both sides of the border.

Congratulations to S1 also for giving us a splash of rowing. Hope to see more and more of the grand old sport in your columns as the season progresses.

CRAB SWANZIE
St. Catharines Rowing Club
St. Catharines, Ont.

It's our guess that the stroke is reading the caption. —E.D.

THE FLAVOR FOR NON-LATINISTS

Sir:

Aren't your cartoon of the friars playing baseball (Mar. 21), as an old Latin teacher I found the humor commendable, but I can't say the same for the syntax. The second person optative (*habere*) was used incorrectly after *secesserunt*. The proper word is the infinitive "*habere*." For non-Latinists who want the full flavor of the caption, here with a free translation allowing for the correction in syntax: "For sure, Brother Benjamin, you need new eye-glasses."

Your magazine is a *verger gaudium purum*.

FRANK W. FRIGGS
Managing Editor
The Indiana Catholic and Record
Indianapolis, Ind.



"Oro caris, Pastor Bonaventura, ubi passus est habere nonne opaculum?"

• Danke schön. E.D.

STAYING POWER IN THE GUNES

Sir:

The other day I happened to receive in a Dutch Army barracks Jan 41 S1. After some reading my attention was drawn to your article *Hot Rod and the Boat*. I have read it with enthusiasm because I like basketball very much (and as I play it myself in a club in the town of Haarlem).

I was surprised to see what very tall kind of players you have got there. Here in Holland we don't pay very much attention to the length of a player but we specially attend to the tactics and techniques of a player. It seems to me that physical training by you is more intensive than by us.

As you will know we have not the dis-

posal of play balls as you have in the United States and when there is a match in the first division there are 300 spectators at the most.

The training is not very high because there is a lack of halls. My club trains once in a fortnight in a hall and every Sunday morning we are in the dunes in order to raise our staying power.

Co OTTE

Haarlem, Holland



NO. 5: THE AUTHOR

THE STAFF OF LIFE

Sir:

I just want to get my two cents about baseball in.

It is often said that the world hasn't really improved much in the last two centuries. This may be true about some things; however, two centuries ago the people of the world were without one of the most enjoyable things in life: baseball.

Amazing isn't it that those ancestors of ours who were such smart fellows hadn't put their heads together and invented the game that today thrills millions each year. We can only be thankful that we live in a time in which baseball is one of the necessities of life.

However, this great neglect can, to some extent, explain difficulties suffered by those not so fortunate.

For example, if Romeo had lived when there was baseball, no doubt he and Juliet would have had a much more private love affair, with all the kin at the ball park. Or imagine how much sooner America would have been discovered if the scouts had been out looking for good ballplayers. They wouldn't have let a little ocean stand between them and a pennant. And if King George had been a baseball fan he wouldn't have wasted all those strong soldiers fighting the Yankees; he would have given them bats so they could play the Yankees. George Washington would have been the best rookie to come along in years, with that throwing arm of his. Why, come to think of it, the civilization of the world would be greatly advanced today if only baseball had come along about the time of Adam.

Course we are fortunate to have had it invented when it was. Suppose it (still didn't exist) The world might not have found any reason for inventing the radio for use in the late spring, the summer, and the early fall. Simply because there wouldn't have been anything worth listening to. Horrors! What a calamity that would be.

Good grief! What a relief it happened at all.

ANNE POTTER

Tulake, Calif.

Some people are in the mood but haven't the money . . .

Some people have the money but aren't in the mood . . .

Some people have both the mood and the money



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